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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

GREELEY'S LAST SOMERSAULT.

From Bennett's Herald.

THE latest exhibition of Greeley's acrobatic skill in politics has drawn around him a swarm of buzzing radicals who threaten to sting him to death. Their darling measure, the Emancipation proclamation, which Greeley had held up to their dazzled admiration as the grand remedy for overthrowing the rebels and restoring the Union, is now pronounced, in a leading article in *The Tribune*, to be of no efficacy whatever except merely to prevent fugitive slaves being returned from the Northern States—a result which would have equally followed from the war had there been no proclamation. Greeley says that when the Union is restored the Southern States can reëstablish negro slavery if they think proper, and reënslave those whom the proclamation makes free if they are to be found within their jurisdiction, and that the Federal government will have nothing to say in the business. The sincere Abolitionists are horrified, and quote the President's proclamation, which announced that the slaves in the rebel States after the 1st of January, 1863, will be thenceforward and "forever free." Greeley is inundated with letters, but laughs at the simplicity and greenness of the fanatics who believed him in earnest. He now admits that the proclamation is exactly what Mr. Lincoln in the beginning described it—"the Pope's bull against the comet."

Parson Tilton is out in a very severe letter upon poor Greeley, all about the nigger. We like this fight. We hope it will go on. As Tilton is too strong for Greeley, and uses his logic mercilessly, we think that we shall take *The Tribune* philosopher's side. Really, it appears to us that Greeley's intellect is breaking down. We remember that poor Greeley started his Fourierite doctrines, a very few years ago, with considerable force, organizing Fourierite phalanxes and trying to give the affair a practical turn. But before many months the phalanxes broke down, and Greeley broke down with them. Is niggerism to have a similar finale?

MORE COMPLIMENTS FOR COPPERHEADS.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

WHERE, then, are these indications of peace which we are said to be recklessly resisting and disdaining? Oh! the great speech of Vallandigham! the touching invitation of tuneful Cox! We greatly fear that those two wooers of the South, so fond and fain, will very soon be found, like John Van Buren, shrieking out for war to the knife; and if they delay or decline to recant their great and noble peace speeches, why they will see the inside of Lincoln's jails. We wish from our hearts they were both already safely chained up at the present writing. They have done us more harm, they and their like, than ten thousand Sewards and Sumners. We tremble to see their unwholesome advances; still more to see a sort of morbid craving here to respond to them, under the delusive idea of promoting intestine division at the North.

Unhappy reconstructionists of Albemarle! they know not what they do. To bring in the North-western States would bring in Wade and Giddings, and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. Let us only try to imagine the appearance of Mr. Lincoln taking his seat in the Confederate Senate at Richmond between Hunter and Yancey! How should we feel on beholding Joshua Giddings seated as a legislator beside that staunch and indefatigable Southern statesman, our own Foote! But what talk we of Senate or House? Abraham would be our next President. He is a resident of Springfield when at home. He is (for aught we know) Illinois's favorite son. Those North-western States are more populous than the Southern States. Their voting strength is not weakened by two-fifths of slaves. And their electoral vote, we believe, would be a majority of the electoral college. So President Davis would be succeeded by President Lincoln; all unhappy differences would be reconciled, and white-winged peace. But we beg pardon. We believe in ghosts—a hundred thousand ghosts would rise to shriek into our ears their execration against this immeasurable infamy. A hundred thousand *more* ghosts will be made before it comes to pass. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Barksdale's resolutions, if not adopted, may do some good by bringing into clearer light the utter delusiveness of this hope of peace from the North-west, and, by causing a deliberate discussion of the whole affair, cannot but end in making the idea of reconstruction odious and despicable now and henceforth forever.

No State in all the enemy's country went more furiously into the crusade for our subjugation and ruin than Connecticut, that community of clock-makers, peddlers and schoolmarms. Now it seems an election is to come off amongst those folks on the 1st of April, on whose issue, perhaps, will depend other elections in other States, and to which, accordingly, the anxious eyes of all Northern crushers of the rebellion are directed. A Democratic Convention in Connecticut has nominated for Governor a Mr. Seymour, and in one of its resolutions declares that the time has now arrived when all true lovers of the Constitution are ready to abandon the monstrous fallacy that the Union can be restored by the armed hand alone. So much they have found out; but they think they know another way to restore the Union, as appears from Mr. Seymour's own speech during the canvass. . . . Most people having any good cause to vindicate try reason first and force afterwards; but Connecticut, thinking her faction the stronger, first went to war, and now, finding it unprofitable, for your Yankee hates what don't pay, wishes to have recourse to reason. The time has now arrived, says the resolution, to abandon the monstrous fallacy. It is time to spare mankind; but they have taken care, at the same time, to make it clear that they are not for peace, only for an armistice, to try the effect of reason—that is, intrigue and corruption; then, if reason fail, why the armed hand is to be tried again. Mankind is to be spared no more; war must be made to pay. Reader, excuse us, we cannot express a natural movement of scorn in speaking of these creatures. Nay, we avow the opinion that it is good to cherish and cultivate a little wholesome disdain in contemplating the mean disappointment of those speculators in war when they find that they have invested in a non-paying business, and that it is time to wind up the bad concern.

Democratic men in Connecticut, then, finding that fire and sword are unlikely to bring in the money invested in them, with cent. per cent. interest, bethink themselves, it seems, of resorting to "reason"—to see if *that* will pay. We know exactly what they mean by *reason*. We shall even put the proposition they would make us thus: "Come, now, ye wayward sisters! Has not enough been done for honor, as you call it? After all, what do you make by this war and carnage? We 'Democrats' have tried it, and behold! it did not pay. On the contrary, all the pay and all the profits go to those wretches, the 'Black Republicans,' whom you and we together so long abused and kept out in the cold. You know we abhor them as bitterly as yourselves can do. It is true we joined with them in the employment of a gentle coercion to retain you in our glorious and lucrative old Union; but we are reasonable; when a speculation is found not to pay, we drop it; shall we throw good money after bad? God forbid! We think it is *time*—we are now ready—to make common cause with you against the common enemy—namely, the party that is *in*. Suffer the Democratic party to lead you over once more into the green pastures of Federal office, and by the still waters of Federal patronage, and we shall make fair division of the spoil on the word of patriots and gentlemen. What shall stand in the way of such a blessed reunion? Shall the blood of sons and brothers slain, the shrieks of violated women, and smoking homesteads and desolated fields, and all the pride and passion and agony of the mortal strife, be suffered to rise up between us on the sacramental day when we meet in that august and immortal Convention to distribute the patronage of a hemisphere, and feel that the wide, unbounded Continent is ours! Perish the thought! Let us drop from our hands these bayonets and bullets, and make a peaceful Presidential kind of campaign, as in the golden days of 'Tyler, too'; let us marshal the gallant old legions of the Unterrified, and *charge* at the rate of two hundred million per annum, to the war-cry of *Pluribus Unum*."

This is the sort of "reason" which those Connecticut Democrats propose to try. *To them it seems reason; to us the very extremity of hopeless delirium. We shall watch those "Confederates" (so called) who may show any inclination to hearken unto those eloquent Democrats, who may praise their lofty patriotism, or sympathize in their noble struggle for their Constitution. Such Confederates will be fit subjects—to say the least—of medical treatment as lunatics.* To shave their heads and half-drown them with shower-baths might do them good; but to answer them according to their folly would only exasperate their paroxysm. If there be few such Confederates, or none, so much the better.

INFAMOUS LETTER OF EARL RUSSELL.

[That the rulers of England are in full sympathy with the Southern rebels is plainly evinced by the following letter from Earl Russell, British Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Lord Lyons.]

FOREIGN OFFICE, Jan. 17, 1863.

MY LORD: The Proclamation of the President of the United States, enclosed in your lordship's dispatch of the 2d inst., appears to be of a very strange nature.

It professes to emancipate all slaves in places where the United States authorities cannot exercise any jurisdiction or make emancipation a reality, but it does not decree emancipation of slaves in any State or parts of States occupied by Federal troops, and subject to United States jurisdiction, and where, therefore, emancipation, if decreed, might have been carried into effect.

It would seem to follow that in the Border States, and also in New Orleans, a slave-owner may recover his fugitive slave by the ordinary process of law; but that in the ten States in which the proclamation decrees emancipation, a fugitive slave arrested by legal warrant may resist, and his resistance, if successful, is to be upheld and aided by the United States authorities and the United States armed forces.

The proclamation, therefore, makes slavery at once legal and illegal, and makes slaves either punishable for running away from their masters, or entitled to be supported and encouraged in so doing, according to the locality of the plantation to which they belong, and the loyalty of the State in which they may happen to be.

There seems to be no declaration of a principle adverse to slavery in this proclamation. It is a measure of war, and a measure of war of a very questionable kind.

As President Lincoln has twice appealed to the judgment of mankind in his proclamation, I venture to say *I do not think it can or ought to satisfy the friends of Abolition*, who look for total and impartial freedom for the slave, and not for vengeance on the slave-owner.

I am, etc., [Signed] RUSSELL.

Selections.

GEN. BUTLER AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

[On Thursday evening, April 2, an immense gathering of the citizens of New York was held at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Loyal League and the hundred gentlemen who, some time since, tendered to Gen. Butler the compliment of a public dinner, to extend to him in this form, as most agreeable to him, a welcome to the City, and to testify their appreciation and approbation of the distinguished services he has rendered the country during the present war. The Academy was crowded to its utmost capacity. The boxes, dress circle and balcony fairly blazed with the beauty and fashion of the City, while the deep aisles of the parquet and the more remote recesses of the amphitheatre were relieved from the sombre colors of male attire by the waving plumes, the ruddy ribbons, and the glittering jewels of New York's fairest ladies. Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Banks and Mrs. Fremont were present, sitting in the private boxes, and upon the stage were Gen. Wool, Gen. C. M. Clay, and a large number of our well-known citizens: From Gen. Butler's speech on the occasion we present the following extracts.]

UP to the time when this rebellion took place, I went as far, sir, as the furtherest in sustaining the constitutional rights of the States, however bitter, however distasteful to me were the obligations that my fathers assumed for me in the compromises of the Constitution (applause). But, among them all, it was not for me to pick out or reject—I took them all. Fellow-Democrats, I took every one, because they were all constitutional obligations; and taking each and all, I stood by the South, and by Southern rights under the Constitution, until I advanced so far as to look into the very pit of disunion (laughter and applause), and seeing what was the prospect I quietly withdrew (applause), and we went from that hour far apart. How far apart, you shall judge, when I tell you that on the 28th of December, 1860, I shook hands in terms of personal friendship with Jefferson Davis, and on the 28th of December, 1862, I had the pleasure of reading his proclamation that I was to be hung at sight (laughter). . . . What were my rights and theirs, at that hour when they repudiated the Constitution of the United States by a solemn vote, under the forms of law—in solemn convention? They took arms in their hands, and undertook by force to rend the Constitution, and to force a separation of the heritage which my fathers had given me as a rich legacy to my children, and when they did that, I call every man's attention to the fact that they abrogated, abnegated and forfeited all their constitutional rights, and released me from every constitutional obligation (applause). And, when I then was called upon to say what shall be my action in regard to slavery? why, I was left to the natural instincts of my heart, as prompted by a Christian education in New England, and I dealt with it accordingly, as if I was no longer bound by constitutional obligations (applause). The same sense of duty to my constitutional obligations and to the rights of the States—so long as they remained under the Constitution, that required me to support the system of slavery—that same sense of duty and right, after they had gone out from under the Constitution, causes me to follow the dictates of my own conscience. So, you see, my friends, however misjudged I may have been—and I speak to you, my Democratic friends—I claim that we went along, step by step, together up to that point, and that we should still go along step by step. We accept that the right to hold slaves was made part of the compromises of the Constitution by our fathers, and, like every other State right, was to be respected because of our allegiance to the Constitution, and our respect to State rights. But, when that sacred obligation which bound us was taken away, and we, as well as the negro, were disenthralled, why should we not follow the dictates of God's law, and of humanity? (Applause, long prolonged.) . . . What is the contest with all the States that are now banded together in what are called the Confederate States? In what form does it come? It started in insurrection. It grew to be a rebellion, and it has become what—a revolution. Our government has dealt with it upon that ground. When it blockaded its ports it dealt with it as a revolution. When they sent out cartels of an exchange of prisoners, we dealt with this people no longer as an insurrection of traitors, but as an organized revolution that had set up a government for itself upon the territory of the United States. Could any man say to me, sir, "Why, then you acknowledge the right of revolution in these men." I beg your pardon, sir, I only acknowledge the fact of revolution—what has happened; and I look things plainly in the face. I do not dodge because they are unpleasant to my sight. Again I say, I find this revolution and these men there are no longer erring brethren. They are alien enemies. They have waged war against us, attempted to make alliances against us, and demanded to come into the family of nations. It is not grown to a successful revolution until acknowledged (applause). Pardon me, I was speaking theoretically as a matter of law. A revolution can never be successful until acknowledged by the parent State. And now I am willing to unite with you in saying this is a revolution which we never will acknowledge (applause).

Why, sir, have I been so careful in bringing you down to this distinction? Because, in my judgment, certain logical sequences follow from it, as certainly as a corrollary of a problem in Euclid. If these men are alien enemies, how does it affect our political action? The very moment we are at war—as I insist with a foreign country to all intents and purposes—how can any man stand up here and say he is on the side of that foreign country? (Applause.) None but an enemy (applause). This is the way to get this matter right. A man must be either for his country or against his country (applause). He cannot he throwing impediments all the time in the way of the progress of his country under the pretense that he is helping some other portion of his country (applause). . . . If they are alien enemies I am bound to them by no ties of party fealty. They have passed out of that, and I think I may go back a moment and examine if all this party allegiance and party fealty, as regards them, is not broken. and if I am not to look simply to my country, and to its service, and leave them to look to the country they are attempting to erect, and to its service, and then try the conclusion between us. By this I give up no territory of the United States. Every foot that was ever circumscribed on the map, all the lines around the United States belong to us, and none the less because bad men here attempted to organize a worse government upon various portions of it, and this is to be the ground under our laws and our government as soon as the power of the United States can be exerted for that purpose.

And another proposition in that logical sequence is that we have no occasion to carry on the fight for the Constitution as it was—I beg your pardon, the Constitution as it is. Who is interfering with the Constitution as it is? Who makes any attack upon the Constitution? We are fighting with those who have gone out and repudiated the Constitution, making a constitution for themselves ("That's it," and cheers). And now, my friends, I do not know but I shall use some heresy, but as a Democrat, as an Andrew Jackson Democrat, I am not for the Union as it was ("Good," and loud cheers). I have the honor to say, as a Democrat, and an Andrew Jackson Democrat, I am not for the Union to be again as it was. Understand me—I was for the Union as it was, because I saw, or thought I saw, the troubles in the future which have burst upon us; but having undergone those troubles, having spent all this blood and this treasure, I do not mean to go back again and be cheek by jowl, as I was before, with South Carolina, if I can help it (applause). Mark me now; let no man misunderstand me; and I repeat lest I may be misunderstood (for there is none so difficult to understand as those that don't want to); mark me again, I say, I do not mean to give up a single inch of the soil of South Carolina (loud cries of "Never, never," and great applause). If I had been living at that time, and had the position, the will, and the ability, I would have dealt with South Carolina as Jackson did, and kept her in the Union at all hazards; but now she has gone out, and I will take care that when she comes in again she shall come in better behaved (loud laughter, "Good," "That's the talk," and cheers); that she shall no longer be the firebrand of the Union—aye, that she shall enjoy what her people never yet enjoyed, the blessings of a republican form of government (renewed applause). And, therefore, in that view I am not for the reconstruction of the Union as it was. I have spent treasure and blood enough upon it, in conjunction with my fellow-citizens, to make it a little better, and I think we can have a better Union. It was good enough if it had been let alone. The old house was good enough for me, but the South pulled down the L part, and I propose, when we build it up, to build it up with all the modern improvements (uproarious laughter and great cheering).

Another one of the logical sequences, it seems to me, that follow inexorably, and is not to be shunned, from the proposition that we are dealing with alien enemies, what is our duty with regard to the confiscation of their property? And that would seem to me to be very easy of settlement under the Constitution, and without any discussion, if my first proposition is right. Hasn't it been held, from the beginning of the world down to this day, from the time the Israelites took possession of the land of Canaan, which they got from alien enemies—hasn't it been held that the whole of the property of those alien enemies belongs to the conqueror (applause), and that it has been at his mercy and his clemency what should be done with it? And for one, I would take it and give to the loyal man, who was loyal from the heart, at the South, enough to make him as well as he was before, and I would take the balance of it and distribute it among the volunteer soldiers who have gone forth in the service of their country (applause); and so far as I know them, if we should settle South Carolina with them, in the course of a few years I should be quite willing to receive her back into the Union (laughter and applause).

That leads us to deal again with another proposition—what shall be done with the slaves? And here, again, the laws of war, dealing with this species of property, have long since settled themselves with clearness and exactness—that it is at the hand of the superior, of the conquerer, of the government who has maintained or extended its jurisdiction over the territory, to deal with slaves as it pleases—to free them or not, as that government chooses. It is not for the conquered to make terms, or for them to send their friends into the conquering country to make terms about it ("Good," and cheers). I have again another corollary which follows, as I say, logically, from this view of the case. Perhaps if the mind of any of this audience has gone with me to this point, upon the proposition that we are fighting with alien enemies, we may by this consideration again relieve another difficulty which seems to trouble some of my old Democratic friends, and that is the question of arming the negro slaves. If these men are alien enemies, is there any objection that you know of, and if so state it, to our arming one portion of that foreign country against the other, while they are fighting us? (Loud responses of "No, no," and cheers.) Suppose we were at war with England, who here would get up in New York and say we must not arm the Irish, lest they should hurt some Englishman? (Laughter and applause.) Well, at one time, not very far gone, all those Englishmen were our grandfathers' brothers. Either they or we erred; but we are now separate nations, arising out of the contest. So again I say, if you will look carefully you will see that there can be no objection for another reason. There is no law, either of war or of international law, or law of governmental action, that I know of, which prevents a country arming any portion of its citizens or its subjects for the defence of that portion or of any other, and they become (if they do not take part with those rebels) simply our citizens, residing upon our territory, which at the present hour is usurped by our enemies (applause). At this moment, and in the waning hour, I do not propose to discuss, more than to hint at these various subjects (loud cries of "Go on, go on"). But there is one question that I have been so often asked, that I want to make an answer to it once for all, and when I have answered it to everybody, nobody will ask me again, and that is this (and most frequently am I asked that question by my old Democratic friends), "Why, Gen. Butler, what is your experience? Will the negroes fight?" To that I have to answer, that upon that subject I have no personal experience. I left the Department of the Gulf before they were fairly brought into action; but they did fight under Jackson at Chalmette. More than that, I will bring in some other man to answer that question. Let Napoleon III. answer it, who has hired them to do what the veterans of the Crimea cannot do—to whip the Mexicans. I will answer it in another form. Let the veterans of Napoleon the First, under his brother-in-law, Leclerc, who were whipped out of St. Domingo by them, tell whether they will fight or not (applause). What has been the demoralizing effect upon them as a race by their contact with the white man, I know not (laughter), but I cannot forget that they and their fathers would not have been slaves except that they were captives of war, in their own countries, in hand to hand fights among the several chiefs, and were sold into slavery because they were captives in war (cheers). They would fight at some times, and if you want to know any more about it, I can only advise you to try them ("Good," and renewed applause).

There is still another logical consequence which, in my judgment, follows from this view of the case. The great question put to me, my friends, and the great question which is now agitating this country, is, How are we to get these men back? how are we to get this territory back? how are we to reconstruct the nation? I think it is much better answered upon this hypothesis than any other: There are but two ways in which this contest can be ended; one is by revolutionizing a portion of this territory and have them come to ask to be admitted into the Union; another is, to bring it all back, so that if they do not come back in the first way, they shall come back bound to our triumphal car of victory. Now, when any portion of the South comes loyal to the North and to the Union, or, to express it with more care, when any portion of the inhabitants of the South wish to become again a part of the nation, and will throw off the government of Jefferson Davis, erect themselves into a State, and come and ask us to take them back with such a State Constitution as they ought to be admitted back again under, there is no difficulty in its being done. There is no witchery about this. This precise thing has been done in the case of Western Virginia. She went out—stayed out for a while. By the aid of our armies, and by the efforts of her citizens, she revolutionized, she threw off the government of the rest of the State of Virginia; she threw off the Confederate yoke; she erected herself into a State, with a Constitution such as I believe is quite satisfactory to all of us, especially the amendment [applause]. She has asked to come back, and has been received back, and is the first entering wedge of that series of States which will come back that way. But suppose they will not come back? We are bound to subjugate them. What, then, do they become? Territories of the United States [great applause], acquired by force of arms [renewed applause] precisely as we acquired California, precisely as we acquired Nevada, precisely as we acquired—not exactly though—as we acquired Texas [laughter]; and then is there any difficulty in dealing with these men? Was there any difficulty in dealing with the State of California, when our men went there and settled in sufficient numbers so as to give that State the benefits of the blessings of a republican form of government? Was there any difficulty in taking to us the new State of Nevada when she was ready to come and ripe to come? None. Was there any difficulty in taking any portion of the Louisiana purchase, when we bought her first? Will there be any difficulty, when her people get ready to come back to the United States, of our taking her back again, more than, perhaps, to carry out the parallel a little further and pay a large sum of money besides, as we did in the case of California after we conquered it from Mexico? Or is there any uncertainty of reconstructing the Union? These States have gone out without cause, without right, without grievance, and having formed themselves into new States, and taken upon themselves new alliances, I am not for readmitting them back, or for having them come back without readmission. I feel, perhaps, if the ladies will pardon the illustration, like a husband whose wife has run away with another man, and has divorced herself from him, and cannot take her to his arms until they have come before the priest and been remarried [laughter]. And I have the same feeling in the case of this people that have gone out; but when they will repent, and when they will come back, I am ready to receive them; and I am not ready until then.

And now I will say another word on another subject, in relation to the progress of the war; and I think if you look at what has been done for a moment, you will see that the war is progressing, and that, too, successfully to its conclusion. Look back from 1863 to 1862, and tell me whether there has not been progress [applause]. Look at our changed position in North Carolina—look at Port Royal, and tell me whether we have not progressed. Now, then, they hold none of Missouri, none of Kentucky, none of Tennessee for any valuable purpose of supplies, because the western part is in our hands, and the eastern part has been so run over by contending armies that all the supplies are gone. They hold no portion of Virginia valuable for supplies—that is eaten out by their armies. We hold one-third of Virginia, one-half of North Carolina; we hold our own in South Carolina, and I think we shall, before the 11th of this month, hold a little more [applause]. We hold two-thirds of Louisiana in wealth and population; we hold all of Arkansas and all Texas so far as supplies can go to the rebels, so long as Farragut is between Port Hudson and Vicksburg [applause], and I believe the colored troops held Florida at last accounts [applause, and cries of "Good"]. Now, then, let us see to what the rebellion is reduced—to the remainder of Virginia, part of North Carolina, the larger part of South Carolina, all Georgia—Texas, as I said before, being cut off. Now, why I draw strong hopes from this is, that their supplies all come either from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas or Texas, and these are completely now beyond their reach, and to that I look largely for the suppression of this rebellion, and the overthrow of this revolution [applause]. They have got to the end of their conscription—we have not begun ours [applause, and A VOICE, "That's the difference"]. They have come to the end of their national credit—we have not put ours in any market in the world [applause]. And why should any man be despondng? why should any man say that this great work has gone too slow? why should men feel impatient? Why, the war of the revolution lasted seven years. Why should men be so anxious that nations should march faster than they are prepared to march—faster than the tread of nations has ever been in the providence of God? Nations in war have ever moved slowly. We are too impatient—we never learn anything, it would seem to me, from reading history. I speak of myself as well as you—I have shared that impatience myself. I was saying but the other day, to a friend of mine, "It seems strange to me that our navy cannot catch that steamer Alabama; there must be something wrong in the Navy Department, I am afraid," and I got quite impatient. I had hardly got over the wound inflicted by the capture of the Jacob Bell, when came the Golden Eagle and the Lady Jane, and as one was from Boston, it touched me keenly [applause]. My friend replied: "Don't be impatient; remember that Paul Jones, with a sailing ship on the coast of England, put the whole British navy at defiance for many months, and wandered up and down that coast, and worked his will upon it [applause], and England had no naval power to contend with, and had not 2,500 miles to blockade. I remember that in the French war, Lord Cochrane, with one vessel, held the whole French coast against the French navy, and that was by no means a steamship. And so it has been done by other nations. Let us have a little patience, and possess our souls with a little patriotism, and less politics, and we shall have no difficulty [applause, and "Good"].

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You will observe, my friends, that in the list of grievances with which I charge England, I do not charge her with tampering with our "leading politicians" [loud laughter]. So far as any evidence I have, I don't know that she is guilty. But what shall we say of our leading politicians who have tampered with her? [Great applause.] I have read that—which surprised me more than any other fact of this war—that here in New York leading politicians consulted with the British Minister as to how this Union should be separated; and when I read that, every drop of blood in my veins boiled, and I would have liked to have seen that "leading politician" [most enthusiastic applause, the cheers being renewed again and again]. I don't know that Lord Lyons is to blame. I suppose, sir, if a man goes to one of your clerks, and offers to go into partnership with him to rob one of your neighbors, and he refuses and reports the matter to you, you don't blame your clerk; but what do you do with the man who makes the offer? [Great applause, and cries of "Hang him!"] I think we had better take a lesson from the government of Washington's Administration, though the case is reversed. When the French Minister, Citizen Genet, undertook to make an address to the people of the United States, complaint was made to his government and he was recalled; and a law was passed preventing for all time to come any interference of Foreign Ministers in the politics of the United States. I want to be understood; I have no evidence that Lord Lyons interfered at all, but the correspondence says that certain leading politicians of New York came to him and desired that he should do—what? That he would advise with his government not to interfere! Why not? Because it would aid the country—they would spurn it, and would be stronger than ever to crush the rebellion, and "we and our party shall be crushed out!" [Great laughter and cheers.] Mark the insidious point. They knew how the people felt against England. They knew the heart of this people to be true to the Constitution. They knew the people would not brook any interference from England, and they ask the British Minister to use the power of British diplomacy to get other nations to interfere, and Great Britain to keep out of sight lest we should see the cat under the meal [loud laughter]. I have used the phrase up to this moment, as you see, of "politician," but what kind of politicians are they? [Cries of "Copperheads," "traitors," from all over the house amid great cheers.] Conservative politicians! [Loud laughter.] They can't be Democratic politicians ["Of course they can't"]. I should like to hear old Andrew Jackson say a few words about such politicians, who call themselves Democrats ["He'd hang them"]. No, my friend, I don't think he would hang them. I don't think he would ever catch them [laughter]. I have felt it my duty here and now in the city of New York, from the interest I have in public affairs, to call attention to this most extraordinary matter. It is a matter which arrests the attention more than any other, to wit: that there are men so lost to patriotism, and so bound up in the traditions of party, and so selfish as to be willing to tamper with Great Britain for the separation of this country! It is the most alarming fact that I have seen. I had rather see 100,000 men set in the field on the rebel side—aye, I had rather see Great Britain herself armed against us openly if you please, as she has been covertly, than to feel that there are men, lineal descendants of Judas Iscariot, intermarried with Benedict Arnold, who would thus betray their country [loud cries of "Fernando Wood" with hisses and cheers. "He knows them all"]. That has shown me the great danger—the only danger we are in. I call upon true men to sustain the government [great applause]. It is not a government of my choice. I didn't vote for it or any part of it; but it is the government of my country; it is the only organ by which I can exert the force of the country and protect her integrity; and so long as I believe that action is honestly exerted, I will throw the mantle of charity over any mistakes I think I may see and support it heartily with hand and purse so long as I live [applause]. I have no loyalty to any man. My loyalty is to the government [cheers, "That's it"], and it makes no difference to me who the people have put into that government, so long as it has been properly and constitutionally done. So long as they hold their seats and hold their power I am a traitor and a false man if I falter in that support. This is what I understand to be loyalty to the government [cheers]. And I was sorry to hear the other day that there was a man in New York who professed not to know the meaning of the word ["Who was it?" "Fernando Wood!"] I desire to say that it is the duty of every man to be loyal to the government, to sustain the government, to pardon its errors, to help rectify its mistakes, to press it on to everything that it may do for the country, and let it carry the country on in its course of glory and grandeur on which it was placed by our fathers; for let me say to you, my friends, you young men, that no man yet has ever prospered who opposed his country in time of war [cheers]. The Tory of the Revolution, the Hartford Conventionist of 1812, the immortal Seven that voted against the supplies in the Mexican war, all history is against them. And let no politician put himself in the way of the march of this country to glory and greatness; for he will be crushed. Its course is onward and certain, and let him who opposes it beware,

"The mower mows on, though the adder may writhe,
And the Copperhead curl round the blade of the scythe."

THE TRIBUNE AND THE PROCLAMATION.

From The Tribune of March 30.

An Instructive Precedent.

As there seemed to us to be grave misapprehensions afloat with regard to the natural and necessary effect of the President's proclamations of freedom to persons held as slaves within the States or districts in flagrant rebellion against the Federal government, we some days since stated what we understood that effect to be, and immediately found that we had stirred up a decided breeze. Up to this hour, however, no one of the Opposition journals, so far as we are aware, has questioned the soundness of our exposition, though several have made much ado over it. We find in *The Press* of Saturday an article which seems to cast additional light on the subject, of which the substance is as follows:

At the outbreak of our Revolution, nearly or quite all the revolted Colonies being then slaveholding, while those south of Pennsylvania were preponderantly so, Gov. Dunmore of Virginia proclaimed the emancipation of the slaves in that Colony, as other Royal Governors or Generals afterward did further South. Of course, the slaveholding Whigs were a good deal annoyed and exasperated by this, though they do not seem to have thought of the mild expedient suggested by Jeff. Davis, of hanging all royal officers who should be captured while endeavoring to give effect to these proclamations. On the contrary, Mr. Jefferson, when Col. Tarleton made a cavalry raid on his plantation and took away a good share of his negroes, complained—not that he thus freed them, but that he *did not*. "Had it been his purpose to give them their liberty," said the patriarch of Democracy, "*he would have been right.*" A good many thousand negroes left their masters on this inducement, and served the British in various capacities, many of them being taken hence to Halifax and the West Indies. The following article was, therefore, inserted in the Treaty of Paris, which closed that protracted struggle:

ART. 7. That his Britannic Majesty shall, with all convenient speed, and without *causing any destruction or carrying away any negroes or other property of the American inhabitants*, withdraw all his armies, garrisons, and fleets from the United States.

—Was it perfidy in Great Britain to assent to this article?

—In process of time, grave differences of construction were developed. Our slaveholders claimed that they were entitled by this article to the *return* of all their negroes who, having escaped to the British, were carried away by them, or to recompense therefor. The British, of course, didn't see the matter in that light. The dispute was settled by Jay's treaty (1795), by our government acceding to the British construction. This was one ground of the furious clamor raised against that treaty. Alexander Hamilton, defending that treaty, summed up the argument for the British construction of this article, as follows:

"The negroes in question were either taken in the course of military operations, or they joined the British army upon invitation by proclamation. However dishonorable to Great Britain the latter may have been, as an illiberal species of warfare, there is no ground to say that the strict rules of war did not warrant it; or that the effect was not, in the one case, as well as in the other, a change of property in the thing."—*Hamilton, vol. 7, page* 191.

"In the interpretation of treaties, things *odious or immoral* are not to be presumed. The abandonment of negroes who have been induced to quit their masters, on the faith of official proclamation promising them liberty, to fall again under the yoke of their masters and into slavery, *is as odious and immoral a thing as can be conceived.* It is odious, not only as it imposes an act of perfidy on one of the contracting parties, but as it tends to bring back to servitude men once made free. The general interests of humanity conspire with the obligation which Great Britain has contracted toward the negroes, to repel this construction of the treaty if another can be found."—*Ibid, page* 192.

If it were held at that day, on either side of the Atlantic, that the British were bound by the Emancipating proclamations of their Governors or Generals to continue the war until every negro were absolutely set free, or that their obligations to those slaves who *did not* quit their rebel masters for the British service were just the same as to those who *have* aided us.

From the same of April 1.

Shall the President Break his Covenant with the Slaves?

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Will you hear me once more? Your oft-repeated idea (which gives many of your friends daily regret) that the President, in making terms with the rebellion, may recall his proclamation of freedom, was illustrated in this morning's editorial with an "INSTRUCTIVE PRECEDENT," out of which you drew (as I think) the wrong instruction.

Your argument, in substance, is this: That although the British Gov. Dunmore of Virginia promised freedom to the slaves of that Colony, yet the British government, in making peace with our fathers, broke this pledge; and that, in like manner, President Lincoln, having promised freedom to 3,000,000 slaves, may break this promise for the sake of making peace with their masters.

I reply, in the first place, the order of Lord Dunmore was never recalled or annulled; in the second place, if the fact of its issue and recall were just as you state, still your inference, justifying the President, would be invalid, for the simple reason that two wrongs never make a right; and, in the third place, you altogether misstate the facts of history.

1. You say:

"Gov. Dunmore of Virginia proclaimed the emancipation of the slaves in that colony."

No; nothing of the kind. What he did was this. I copy his proclamation:

"And I hereby further declare all indentured servants, negroes or others, appertaining to the rebels, FREE, *that are willing and able to bear arms*, THEY JOINING HIS MAJESTY'S TROOPS as soon as may be."—*Diary of the Rev.*, 1775.

The Pennsylvania *Journal*, December 6, 1775, commenting on this proclamation, said:

"To none, then, is freedom promised *but to such as are able to do Lord Dunmore service.*"—*Ibid.*

Now, the proclamation by Abraham Lincoln is an altogether different thing. It sets free not merely such slaves as shall desert from the enemy and join our side, but sets free, unconditionally, *all* slaves in certain States, and parts of States—whether they join the army, or stay at home—many of whom are women and children, the old and the infirm. The precise words are:

"Shall be *then*, THENCEFORWARD and FOREVER *Free.*"

Now, suppose the President had designed to write, not a proclamation which could be withdrawn at the caprice of our enemies, but which could be withdrawn *never*—irrevocable, like the statutes of the Medes and Persians—what stronger and surer words could the King's English have furnished to his pen than those which he has used?

2. You say:

"If it were held at that day, on either side of the Atlantic, that the British were bound by the Emancipating proclamations of their Governors or Generals to continue the war until every negro were absolutely set free, or that their obligations to those slaves who *did not* quit their rebel masters for the British service, were just the same as to those who *did*, then we are in darkness on that point."

The reply is, King George having never pledged himself "to continue the war until every negro was set free"—or until *any* negro were set free—was, of course, not bound to keep a covenant which he had never made. The British proclamations, being addressed only to slaves who *did* quit their masters, the British government neither made nor broke any promise to slaves who did *not* quit. But President Lincoln, on the other hand, having pledged himself to maintain (within specified localities) the freedom of *all* slaves, without exception and without condition, is bound by his pledge never to blot out the handwriting with which he signed himself an undying name on the 1st of January, 1863.

3. As you have given an "Instructive Precedent," let me give one yet more instructive. In South America, when Bolivar fought against the Spanish invaders he freed the slaves, added them to his army, and won an immortal triumph. After being the Liberator of his country, he became its Legislator. Then, years having crept upon him in the public service, he resigned his cares of office, and in a farewell address made the following appeal to the republic:

"I leave to your sovereign authority to repeal all my ordinances, all my statutes, all my decrees. But I implore you, as I would beg for my own life, as I would beg for the salvation of the republic, CONFIRM AND COMPLETE THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES."

A North American President may learn something from a South American!

4. I appeal now from *The Tribune* to *The Tribune!* After the proclamation of Sept. 22, *The Tribune* said on the 27th, in its editorial leader:

"If they [the Rebels] outsin their days of grace [the three months]—if the first of January shall find them still defying the authority of the republic, insulting its flag, embattled to slay its defenders—they will have sealed the doom of slavery. *The Edict of Freedom which then takes effect* CAN NEVER BE REVOKED. *The rights which it creates* CAN NEVER BE ANNULLED. *The liberty which it confers* CANNOT BE TAKEN AWAY."

It seems that the editorial opinions of *The Tribune*, like Newtown pippins, are sounder in the Fall than in the Spring.

5. In counter-statement to *The Tribune's* present position, I maintain that the President's proclamation is an irreversible decree—a sacred pledge of the public faith, not to be broken—a solemn law of the land, not to be annulled—falling like a benediction upon the heads of 3,000,000 slaves to lift them up from their lowliness and bonds. In presence of the heavens and the earth the President has made a covenant with this dusky multitude, saying: "I have written the decree of your freedom; I have set to it the seal of the State; and now, with the army in my right hand, and the navy in my left, I will make no peace upon a broken oath!" Otherwise, if the President means to dishonor his pledge, and to sacrifice the public faith, let him be warned in time of the shadowy fate which flits into history to darken false men's names!

6. *The Tribune* says, innocently:

Union. And I think, if it were generally understood as I regard it, there would be no opposition to nor dissatisfaction with it among loyal men.

—Let me here repel the offensive assumption in the caption of your article, that I have ever held or intimated that the President *would* break faith with the slaves. I have not even intimated that it was or would be expedient to recall the proclamation. But I *do* hold it desirable that the loyal people should realize that the Emancipation policy is conducive to an early pence, and does not commit us to interminable war, and that it has not crippled the power of our government to make such peace, while it has supplied the rebels with urgent reason for desiring it, H. G.

From the same of April 2.

The Proclamation.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In answer to the questions which you publicly address to me this morning, I will make a brief statement of my views, and rest the case:

I. The war against the rebels was begun, and is to be continued, for the one and only purpose of *maintaining the Republic*, and not of *abolishing slavery*. William Lloyd Garrison has said this as clearly as *The Tribune*.

II. But the people first, and afterward the government, seeing that the rebellion was waged for slavery, saw that the only way to conquer the rebellion was to attack slavery.

III. It it for this reason, and for no other—and all the world knows it—that Mr. Lincoln is now seen in the attitude of an Emancipator of the slaves.

IV. If a rebel commissioner were to come to Washington to-morrow to sue for peace, what terms could Mr. Lincoln honorably offer? He could offer only these:

1. The maintenance of freedom in the District of Columbia.
2. The maintenance of freedom in the Territories.
3. The maintenance of the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade.
4. The maintenance of the Confiscation act.
5. The maintenance of the proclamation of the 1st of January.

—I hold that any conditions less than these would be a *compromise*—leaving the victory with the South, not with the North.

V. But if, failing to do its whole duty, the government is to make any concession to the rebellion, then, in the name of God, let it not be a concession of the proclamation. Let us rather concede the guaranty of liberty for the distant frontier, for it is better to establish slavery in a few thinly-inhabited Territories than to reëstablish it in ten populous States. Let us more mercifully revive the slave trade, for only now and then a cargo of captives can escape the vigilance of the British cruisers. Let us more righteously restore the cast-out abomination to the District of Columbia, for its shadow will there fall on three *thousand* slaves, and not on three *million*. Let us do any infamous thing rather than annul the proclamation, for that will be more infamous than all.

VI. Of course these views of the government's duty stand on the supposition that the rebels are to bend their knees to Mr. Lincoln for peace. But *The Tribune* asks me, if Mr. Lincoln, instead, bends his knees to the rebels, what, then, are to be our terms? This is not for me to say—nor for *The Tribune*—nor for Mr. Lincoln—but for our enemies. If we are beaten, not only the proclamation is a failure, but the Republic itself, and all its hopes. But the question of failure is one which I decline to discuss, for the thought is one which I refuse to entertain.

Yours, faithfully, THEODORE TILTON.

New York, April 1.

A NEW POLITICAL MOVE.

From The Delaware County (Pa.) Republican.

WE neglected to notice in our last, that the House of Representatives at Harrisburg had passed an act making it unlawful for any negro or mulatto to come into this State from any State or Territory, with the intention of making it his temporary or permanent residence, and imposing a penalty of twenty dollars on any one so offending. That the Copperheads in the Legislature of Pennsylvania were badly in want of political capital for the election next Fall, is apparent from the passage of this bill. Many of them have sufficient sense to know that the colored people prefer to go further South than come to a climate uncongenial to their natures. If they come North it is to escape slavery, and the abolition of slavery would probably deprive us of some we have—it certainly would not drive any more to us. They know also that the passage of the bill would imply that we are in danger of being "overrun" with the colored people if they are free to come from the South—that the war is likely to free them—that their presence here would be a great calamity, so these legislating Solons pass a bill which implies what is a falsehood, and their followers swallow it for a statesmanly stroke of policy dictated by a stern necessity!

A few years ago, a Convention of Maryland slaveholders was held in Baltimore, for the purpose of concocting a plan by which the free colored people of that State should be expelled from their borders, or reduced to slavery. On first thought, it had appeared to this conclave of aristocratic slaveholders that the expulsion of free laborers would increase the value of slave labor by diminishing competition. There was one man in that Convention, however, whose views were more enlarged than the others, and so forcibly did he present the rights and interests of the non-slaveholding whites of the State, that the Convention staggered under his blows, and dispersed without taking any definite action in the matter. To lord it over a few ragged, stupid slaves is the beginning of self-conceit and tyranny, always. The man who robs half a dozen ignorant, helpless, submissive colored women, year after year, of their children as they grow to marketable size—who robs as many strong-armed men of their labor—and who indulges and strengthens his passions by cutting and slashing among his slaves whenever he is angry about anything, relating to their conduct or not, cannot be expected to have much regard for anybody else's rights, whether they be black or white. The project of ejecting the free colored people was not killed in the Convention, but showed its serpent head again in the Legislature, where a bill was to be submitted to a vote of the people. The question being thus taken out of the hands of the few slaveholders and subjected to the whole people of the State for consideration, was discussed in all its pecuniary relations, and at the election, the people, by a large majority, decided that they could not spare so much valuable labor from the State. There was no talk about philanthropy, nor of the rights of the free colored people. The decision turned on the interests of the white people alone, who saw that somebody must do the work, or it would remain undone; and they preferred paying the colored man for doing it to doing it all themselves.

The case of expelling colored people from Maryland corresponds exactly with excluding them from Pennsylvania. The working men and women of this State may think that the introduction of colored people would reduce wages, but it is not so. With more working people there would be more work done, and we would all be just so much richer and more comfortable.

THE PROSPECT—AFTER PEACE WHAT?

From The Springfield Republican.

ALTHOUGH we have waited long for the victories we had a right to expect, and the sad repulse at Fredericksburg is yet unavenged, there has never been a better public feeling in respect to the war than at this moment. The period of enthusiasm and delusive expectation ended with the battle of Fredericksburg. Then came the period of despondency, when the most stout-hearted could speak no word of hope, and the best attitude the people could assume was an effort to endure the worst that might befall with stoical indifference. Treason then began to show itself boldly at the North, and the rebels were made glad with the hope that by sedition and civil war in the loyal States they should win what their own strength had failed to accomplish: But the heart of the North has recovered itself. Enthusiasm has given place to cool determination. All loyal men have come to see that there is neither national nor personal salvation except in the defeat of the rebels, and to resolve that it shall be done, at whatever cost of time, money and life. This is the settled purpose of the great mass of the people of all parties, and those who treasonably talk of concession and peace are tolerated only because their talk is counted harmless.

This stern-fixedness of purpose is half the battle. The rebels understand it, and they cannot conceal their disappointment and dismay. Other nations comprehend it, and see that it is best for them to keep hands off, and leave us to fight out our own quarrel. The traitors and cowards in our midst begin to feel the pressure, and are making haste to disclaim all sympathy with treason and all desire to embarrass the government. To reenforce this popular determination in the cause of the Union, and to transform resolution into confidence, the military aspect is becoming daily more and more favorable. The credit of the government improves constantly. The stock brokers, who read facts and indications with an eye to the main chance, show that they believe in the ability of the government to do what it has undertaken, and they are calculating on a quick and victorious campaign. The exhaustion of the rebels is too evident to be longer disguised. Their leaders are without resources, and their credit is fast running down to zero. They are feeding their soldiers by pillaging their own people. Their armies may be as large as ever, but they have conscripted not only the able-bodied, but the old men and boys, and are now trying the doubtful experiment of arming their own slaves. If they meet with heavy reverses now, they have nothing to fall back upon. If we are defeated in any of the pending battles, the government has hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men at its call. But all indications warrant the hope that we shall finish the rebellion with the troops now in the field. If we succeed only in the Mississippi valley, and hold our own elsewhere, we shall need no more troops from the North, because we shall soon have negroes enough in arms to garrison and hold all the strategic points on the Mississippi, and the three years' men and the navy can finish up the work elsewhere. But if more men are wanted they will be forthcoming. The conscription law is the most equal and acceptable law ever enacted, and it will be enforced without difficulty. We have the means and the determination to compel success, and we shall succeed. We await with confidence the signal of decisive victory. If we are baffled and disappointed now, it will be because of some concealed designs of Providence which require longer chastening and deeper humiliation to prepare us for our future destiny.

The soothsayers have predicted peace on the 23d of April. The prophetic Spring in Virginia indicates the close of the war before June. We have small faith in modern prophecy, but we shall be disappointed if the rebellion does not receive a finishing blow before the next anniversary of our national independence. It may require months, perhaps years, and a considerable army in the field, to pacify the disturbed districts, but we do not believe the rebellion is to exist with the forms of a government, or in such formidable shape as to be considered a belligerent power for many months longer. Already our business men are forecasting the prospects of trade after the war. The whole people of the South will need to be shod, clothed and supplied anew with the common household articles of necessity and convenience. To be sure they have little money, and Confederate paper will then be wholly worthless; but there is yet considerable cotton and tobacco, turpentine and lumber, sugar and hemp, stored away, and those who have only land and houses will find means to pledge their future crops as security for indispensable supplies. What a demand there will be for shoes and clothing, for salt and coffee and tea, and for all the articles the Southern people have been destitute of, or have bought sparingly at famine prices. The whole South will be in such a ferment of trade and speculation as was never seen before, and the inevitable Yankee will be all about with his wares. Already around New Orleans and wherever our armies have made permanent occupation, greenbacks are fast buying up confiscated and deserted plantations, and plantations of disgusted aristocrats who are hastening to emigrate from a Yankeeized South. And, however the legal questions connected with slavery may be determined, it is clear that the institution can never be what it has been. It will be under a depleting process; the negro will be transformed into a free laborer, and will become a purchaser of luxuries after his fashion, and society and business will be for a long time in process of solution and reconstruction. All this will open fields for enterprise, for benevolent and Christian effort, and for a quick and inspiring agitation of all the forces that are to evolve a higher civilization. After the war we shall see a wonderful era of development in the South, in the benefits of which we shall all participate.

JOSIAH QUINCY ON THE REBELLION.

THE venerable Josiah Quincy on the 27th ultimo delivered the following patriotic and eloquent address before the members of the Union Club of Boston:

"*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* Your wish and an irresistible sense of duty have placed me in this connection with this Society.

"I was induced to become one of your number at a period of life when it may justly be deemed presumption to join such a Society; but I regard the war in which the United States is now engaged as involving a crisis in the condition of the whole human race, from which no human being has a right to shrink, or of success in it to despair.

"The point now at issue is, not whether human beings may be held in slavery through power, but whether they may be made slaves by right. Hitherto slavery has been permitted by the nations of the earth as a power—that those who could get a slave, by whatever means, had acquired a power with which other nations had no authority to interfere. It is now, for the first time in the history of man, by the leaders of this rebellion, announced as a principle of right, and avowedly made the corner-stone of their Confederacy.

"In the convention in which the Constitution of that Confederacy was formed, A. H. Stephens, the Vice-President of that convention, publicly declared, 'that the object of that association was to put an end, forever, to the agitating question concerning African slavery'; that it placed the African in his proper *status* in civilization; that it was not founded on the principle that 'all men were born free and equal,' but upon exactly the opposite idea, that its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the African is not the equal of the white man; that slavery, that subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. 'This our new government,' Vice-President Stephens adds, 'is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth.'

"Such was the open, publicly-avowed declaration of one of the great leaders of this rebellion; which was received by shouts and acclamation within-doors, and by a vast multitude congregated without-doors, who could not, for want of space, be admitted within them.

"There is now no possible doubt concerning the object and nature of the Constitution of this Confederacy, that it is to establish among the whole human race a new form of civilization. In conformity with its principles, the founders of it give public notice to the nations of the earth that the old form of civilization has been by them abrogated; leaving no loophole or pretense for any nation or individual to escape from the dilemma, or from the duty of either abandoning the old or resisting the new form of civilization. The enslaving of Africans is, on the principle of this Confederacy, no longer a mere power to be exercised when an individual could be bought, inherited or stolen, but is founded on an immutable principle or assumption that the African race have been constituted by God and nature unequal to the Caucasian; including, not the duty of the latter to aid them in rising in the scale of civilization, but the right of reducing them to a state of forced servitude, and of depriving them of all social and moral rights; of liberty, property, and even life; having no property in themselves, their wives, nor their offspring—all being holden at the will and subject to the control of the Caucasian master. To this condition the Constitution of this Confederacy reduces the whole African race; and, while declaring these to be its principles, their founders claim the privilege of being admitted into the society of the nations of the earth! Principles worthy only of being conceived and promulgated by the inmates of the infernal regions, and a fit constitution for a confederacy in pandemonium!

"Now, as soon as the nature of this constitution is truly explained and understood, is it possible that the nations of the earth can admit such a Confederacy into their society? Can any nation, calling itself civilized, associate, with any sense of self-respect, with a nation avowing and practicing such principles? Will not every civilized nation, when the nature of this Confederacy is understood, come to the side of the United States, and refuse all association with them, as, in truth, they are, *hostes humani generis?* For the African is as much entitled to be protected in the rights of humanity as any other portion of the human race.

"As to Great Britain, her course is, in the nature of things, already fixed and immutable. She must, sooner or later, join the United States in this war, or be disgraced throughout all future time; for the principle of that civilization which this Confederacy repudiates was by her—to her great glory and with unparalleled sacrifices—introduced into the code of civilization; and she will prove herself recreant, if she fails to maintain it."

LOYAL LEAGUES.

THE friends of their country are rapidly and extensively organizing their "Loyal Leagues." We cannot coincide with some of our friends who condemn these leagues on the ground that they are not distinctively Abolitionist. Let us encourage any measures that will strengthen the government in its struggle, and especially now that it has grappled with slavery. To urge on the war is to press forward abolition. If we gain victory, we gain emancipation; if we lose the one, we lose the other also. The success of the war is the pivot on which the hopes of humanity turn. The pledge of the Loyal National League, commenced in this city, secures the supremacy of the Federal laws, including those for emancipation. It is as follows:

"We pledge ourselves to an unconditional loyalty to the government of the United States, to an unwavering support of its efforts to suppress the rebellion, and to spare no endeavor to maintain unimpaired the national unity, both in principle and territorial boundary.

"The primary object of this League is, and shall be, to bind together all loyal men of all trades and professions, in a common union to maintain the power, glory, and integrity of the nation."

This platform is a better one than that of the "Loyal League of Union Citizens," of which Gen. Scott is President, and which appears to require no specific pledge. *The World* declares that it is the object of these leagues to secure the election of a President who is in favor of an abolition war. Perhaps the editor is right. It is, however, an abolition *peace*, instead of an abolition war, that we desire. If the war runs on to another Presidential term, it will be simply owing to the machinations of those who are now clamoring for peace.—*Am. Baptist.*

REBEL CRUELTY TO FEDERAL PRISONERS.—The Wheeling (Va.) *Intelligencer* publishes some interesting facts in relation to the treatment of Union prisoners at Richmond, derived from Mr. Isaac Bloss, who has just been released, after a captivity of six months. We quote:

"Mr. Bloss says that no one can form the slightest conception of the misery to which he and his fellow-prisoners were subjected. Quite a number of loyal Virginians are still confined in the Penitentiary at hard labor. These the authorities refuse to release, the Confederates having determined to hold them for prisoners similarly confined by our government. Mr. Bloss says that for four months he and his companions lived upon mule and horse meat, the most of which was rotten and stunk so badly that he could smell it a square distant. He has helped to put men in the coffins who died from actual starvation. Many of his companions were so badly afflicted with the scurvy that their teeth could be easily pulled out with the fingers. Those who could not provide themselves with blankets were compelled to sleep upon the hard floor of the lousy, filthy prison. Mr. Bloss says the Confederate army is now upon quarter rations, which statement is verified by the Richmond papers. It is common talk in Richmond that the people in various sections of the State are actually starving for the necessaries of life."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Church of the Puritans (Rev. Dr. Cheever's) in the city of New York, on TUESDAY, May 12th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m.

The Society will hold another public meeting in the evening, in the Cooper Institute, commencing at 7½ o'clock. The names of the speakers will be announced hereafter.

The business meetings of the Society will be held in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Tuesday, at 3½, p.m., and on Wednesday, at 10, a.m.

The loyalty of this Society to freedom, and to free institutions, and to the government so far as it aims to uphold these, is unquestionable and uncompromising. It has emphatically pronounced against the Southern rebellion as in the highest degree perfidious and wicked; and, as it is now apparent to the civilized world that this rebellion is the legitimate product of slavery, and waged for no other reason, either avowed or hidden, than to give greater security and extension to that horrible system, which, by one blow, strikes down all human rights, and perpetrates every conceivable outrage upon human nature, the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY not only applauds the proclamation of President Lincoln, whereby more than three million of slaves were declared forever free on the first of January last, but maintains that a decree of immediate and universal emancipation is demanded by the imperilled state of the country; by fidelity of the government to its constitutional obligations in such a fearful emergency; by the hopelessness of attempting to perpetuate the Union upon any other basis than that of homogeneous institutions and interests, and impartial liberty and exact justice for all the people; by the inevitable dissolution of the old Union because of its antagonistical elements; and, especially and above all, by the Divine command to "undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free." Then shall our light, as a nation, rise in obscurity, and our darkness be as the noon-day; then they that shall be of us shall build the old waste places; we shall raise up the foundations of many generations; and we shall be called, THE REPAIRERS OF THE BREACH, THE RESTORERS OF PATHS TO DWELL IN.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

LORD LYONS, HIS GOVERNMENT AND OURS.

THE publication of Lord Lyons's letter to Lord Russell is perhaps the most inexplicable phenomenon of all the many unaccountabilities in our recent relations with England. Whether it was profound Machiavelism, full of a secret purpose to be developed hereafter, or whether it was simple wrong-headed blundering, it is none the less a most marvellous fact. If the governing classes in England really want a more direct war with this country than that which they are now waging, as many very intelligent persons believe, they could not have done anything more naturally tending to produce and inflame that state of mind which goes before all wars. We cannot suppose that our government can pass over the conduct of Lord Lyons therein described by himself, without notice and reprehension. If the course of Mr. Crampton in the matter of enlistments for the Crimean war was so abominable that even Mr. Pierce could not tolerate his residence at Washington, sure that of Lord Lyons in caballing with traitors in this city, in the interest of traitors openly in arms against the government to which he is accredited, cannot be regarded as a venial diplomatic error to be slubbered over in silence. We cannot conceive it possible that Mr. Lincoln will consent to continue diplomatic relations with him, after he has received such an authentic statement of the case as will warrant action. His lordship would not be likely to object to such a conclusion of the whole matter, as it would certainly secure him a higher class mission and probably an advance in the peerage. As Mr. Crampton emerged from his cloud at Washington Sir Philip, and a Knight Commander of the Bath. We rather think if John Jay had suffered the Friends of the People to communicate with him as to their plans, and still more, if William Pinkney had received a deputation from the United Irishmen during their Rebellion, that the diplomatic career of either of those eminent men, as far as England was concerned, would have come to a sudden end. Certainly, if their dispatches had revealed that they were in such sympathy with those Rebels as Lord Lyons scarcely disguises that he is with ours. We trust that the Washington government will act with becoming spirit in the premises, being assured that it would thus command increased respect abroad and greater confidence at home.

It seems to us that this is the course self-respect and the credit of the country demands, whether the publication of the dispatch was designed as a contemptuous affront or was merely a stupid oversight. Having come to public knowledge, in whichever way, it puts Lord Lyons in precisely the same offensive attitude towards the country, and the government has a perfect right, in the one case as in the other, to ask his removal as a person it does not choose to have to do with, and in this action it would receive the approbation of the whole nation, excepting his lordship's Secession and Copperheaded friends. Such action would be no ground of war, or of suspension of diplomatic relations, unless the Palmerston government think the time has come when it can step in advantageously and take part in our quarrel. If this last hypothesis be true, nothing can be gained by showing any disposition to submit to this insolence, and if it be not, nothing would be lost by resenting it. The conduct of the British government has not been such, since the beginning of our war, as to make the supposition of a generous and manly course a necessary and unavoidable one. It has given all the moral support to the Rebels that open avowals of belief in their ability to maintain themselves could afford, and all the material support that permission to fit out pirates to destroy our commerce, in English ports, could supply. That the governing classes in England desire the humiliation of this Republic, and that the wealthier commercial classes desire the crippling of our commerce, is so patent as to need no argument to prove it. The whole tone of the press, with such most honorable exceptions as we shall presently notice, of Parliament and of society, tells what the state of mind of those who govern England is towards the North—that is, towards the Nation: That these classes prefer that this work should be done for them by our rebels, without any interruption of their profitable business relations with us, and without any cost to themselves in the shape of an increased army and navy, is very certain. The Chivalry of the Slaveholders and that of their English well-wishers is much of the same quality. Its essence consists in doing your enemy all the hurt you can with the least possible risk to yourself. But the question now begins to "loom in the distance," whether our exhaustion, real or supposed, after putting down our Rebellion, will not afford a better opportunity for a direct assault on our political and commercial greatness than any that is likely to occur again? It is thence that this peep into the state of mind of Lord Lyons, and through it at that of the Foreign Secretary, which his dispatch gives us, derives its interest. What might otherwise have been only impertinent, becomes important.

It is very difficult to treat of our relations with England at this crisis, without being misunderstood, especially in this country. Though great changes have taken place for the better within the last thirty years, whereby the influence of the people is more potential than it used to be in the government of the country, still that government remains in the hands of a minority of its inhabitants. Wealth and rank are yet the prevailing elements which control the policy of the nation. These elements are now most distinctly arrayed against us. On our side we have the laboring classes and a most respectable portion of the middle class. Could England be polled to-day we have no doubt that a large majority in numbers would declare itself on the side of the North as against the South and Slavery. These persons know that the cause of slavery is that of the enemies of labor, and they see in the success of our free institutions, when rid of the baleful influence of slavery, an augury of their own improved political condition. They also see that the broad domain of our public lands is held for their benefit and that of their children, as much as for our own. A wise self-interest, as well as more generous sentiments, make them feel that our cause is their cause and our victory their success. Not so with the noble lords, the wealthy landed gentry and the rich merchants and bankers, and the eminent lawyers, who make up the great body of Parliament and control the destinies of the empire. They see nothing in the prevalence of American ideas—unless it be that of slavery—that is not hostile to their monopoly of rule and to their selfish interests. Their sympathies are naturally and necessarily with the South. It is true that at one or two great crises, such as the Revolution of the Reform Bill (for such it was, in effect) had excited the mind of the English masses to the point of presenting to the ruling classes the alternative of Reform by legislation or of revolution by force of arms, those classes yielded to the pressure. A borough-mongering House of Lords and a rotten-borough House of Commons surrendered their darling abuses rather than fare worse. And so they would again, and in this case, too, provided the general mind of England were equally resolute and equally unanimous. But this is almost too much to expect, at least yet awhile.

We hold that too much honor cannot be bestowed on the intelligent laboring men of England, and especially those who have felt this war come between them and their daily bread. It raises one's opinion of human nature and confirms the fundamental principle of our institutions, that of the capacity of man to govern himself. With every inducement which suffering and want could supply, they have refused to be made the tools of class interests and to respond to the base invitations of those boasting of being their betters to bow down with them before the vile fetish of slavery and worship it. And so as to that most intelligent portion of the middle classes which constitute the public of *The Daily News*, *The Star* and *Dial* and the handful of their like. All honor to them! In a country like ours it is hard to understand against what a tide of public and social opinion such men have had to struggle. The spirit and courage which has stood by those gallant prints is as honorable to their supporters as their clear-sighted wisdom and eminent ability are to their editors. But we cannot hope that such men are as yet to control the destinies of the British empire. The direction of English policy is for the present, at least, in the hands of men who allow piratical ships against our commerce to be built in the ship-yards of England and to be manned in her ports with her subjects, and are eager to build up the credit of the rebels by the negotiation of their loan. That England is responsible for every farthing of damage done by the Alabama and the Florida, and that shall be done by the score of vessels now fitting out against us, is a fact which this nation can never forget. It is an account that must be fully settled before the relations of England and America can be what they were three years ago. We trust that so great a calamity as a war with England may never come upon the world. We are sure that, if it do, it will be forced upon this nation by the criminal ambition and grasping selfishness of our ancient step-mother. And should it be, it will be fought in a very different spirit from that which has made this one now on our hands drag its slow length along. But we forbear to speculate on so fearful a possibility. Only it behooves all thinking men to keep a good watch over the Atlantic as well as across the Potomac, so as not to be taken sleeping should the strong man come upon them for the further spoiling of their goods.

MR. CONWAY GOING TO ENGLAND.

THE Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY has taken passage in the steamer City of Washington, which leaves this city to-day (Saturday) for England. He goes for the purpose of lecturing on Slavery and the American War wherever in Great Britain he may find an opening for such service. He has been advised to make this visit in the belief that the testimony of one familiar with the South and its institutions, and personally connected and acquainted with many of the leaders of the rebellion, will largely help to correct popular misapprehension of the causes and circumstances of the war, from which English hostility to this government and indifference to the cause of freedom, which it represents, in a great measure proceed. Mr. Conway's claim to be heard on these subjects will be best appreciated by those to whom his personal history is best known, and we therefore copy this sketch of his career from *The Tribune*:

He was born in 1832 near Fredericksburg, Virginia, the scene of the recent battle. On both his father's and his mother's side he was descended from and connected with some of the oldest and best families of Virginia and Maryland—reckoning among his ancestors Thomas Stone, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, the late Judge Daniel of the United States Supreme Court, Judge Moncure of the Virginia Court of Appeals, Judge Eustice Conway, and others not less distinguished. In 1849 he was graduated at Dickenson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and afterward began the study of law as deputy clerk under Col. Phillips of Fauquier County, Virginia.

While thus engaged, Mr. Conway became interested in a plan for introducing free schools into Virginia, and published a pamphlet in favor of popular education, which kindled the anger of the pro-slavery leaders of the State, who saw the danger of too much light on such a subject. Not long after he took orders as a minister under the Baltimore Conference. In 1852 he left the Methodist Church and went to the Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. At the same time his opinions on slavery underwent a change, and he has ever since been its unswerving opponent.

After graduating at Cambridge he was called to the Unitarian Church at Washington. His out-spoken hostility to slavery created dissatisfaction among the pro-slavery members of his church, and when Charles Sumner, who was one of his hearers, was assaulted by Brooks, Mr. Conway's denunciation of that cowardly outrage produced an excitement which resulted in his dismissal by a vote of the congregation. He thereupon was invited to Cincinnati, accepted, and remained in that city between six and seven years.

When the rebellion broke into open war Mr. Conway wrote and published "The Rejected Stone," a book of singular originality and eloquence. It was extensively circulated at the North, and was eagerly read by the soldiers in their camps. President Lincoln had so many sent him that he remarked once that he had been fairly stoned with the Rejected Stone, and added that the book was extremely able. It was followed a year after by "The Golden Hour"—one of the first publications in which it was clearly asserted that Emancipation was the sure remedy for a rebellion founded on slavery. Like its predecessor, this book is sententious, impassioned and thoughtful, and had a brilliant success.

Mr. Conway was now widely known, and was urged to abandon the desk and take charge of a radical paper in Boston. He assented, resigned his Cincinnati pulpit last Summer, and has since edited the Boston *Commonwealth*, lecturing also freely and with great success throughout the loyal States. His lectures have the same characteristics which secured attention and admiration for his political writings. Vigorous in thought, not without grace of style, but far more remarkable for pointed and forcible than polished sentences, with an experience full of incidents, with extensive knowledge, and with convictions profoundly earnest, Mr. Conway as a speaker is interesting and impressive, and has a sure hold on an intelligent audience. Few lectures are more effective than that in which he describes the recent escape of his father's slaves from Fredericksburg, their arrival in Washington, and their journey under his charge to Cincinnati, where they are now living in industrious freedom.

Mr. Conway goes to England to aid the work of the English friends of the United States who are striving to reunite the two nations in those cordial relations which the events of the last two years have disturbed. His purpose entitles him to be impartially heard, and his character, history, and ability are the guarantees of his success.

PERSONAL.

The Collected Works of Theodore Parker, edited by Frances Power Cobbe, are to be published in London by Trubner & Co. Two volumes have already appeared.

The Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, Mass., in his Fast-day sermon, last week, declared that Abraham Lincoln was an abler and a better man than had sat upon the British throne for one hundred and fifty years.

Gen. McClellan "made a profession of religion" last Sunday, joining the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, in this city, Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., pastor. His piety, like his patriotism, must be of the Copperhead stripe.

D. D. Hume, the Spiritualist, of whose adventures we lately published an account from the Paris correspondence of the New York *Times*, has prepared a work, "Incidents of My Life," which, with an Introduction by Judge Edmonds, is now in press in this city.

Our old friend, Edward M. Davis, of Philadelphia, has commenced business as a "Stock and Exchange Broker." His office is at No. 39 South Third street. His anti-slavery associates must all wish him abundant success in his new calling.

Rev. Henry T. Cheever of Worcester, late of Connecticut, has been invited to the ministry in Royalston and Fitchburg. It is understood he will labor with the Trinitarian Church in Fitchburg, recently under the pastoral care of Rev. Elnathan Davis.

Though suffering severely from ill-health, Tennyson has recently completed two new poems, *Boadicea* and *Enoch the Fisherman*. The latter is said, on the authority of his friends, to be a dramatic subject, worked out in powerful and even harrowing detail.

Daniel R. Anthony (brother of Susan B.) has been elected Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas, by a majority of 700 over Atwood, the candidate of the Conservative Republicans and Democrats. He is a Radical Emancipationist, of the most independent and fearless sort.

A letter from Bridgeport, Ct., in the Boston *Journal*, says: "C. C. Burr came here and talked treason and then called on a lady relative, wearing his badge. The lady tore it from his coat and would not receive a call from him. The Copperhead emblem was exhibited at a Union meeting with great cheering."

We need not call attention to the extracts, on the first page, from the speech lately delivered at the Academy of Music, in this city, by Gen. B. F. Butler. It will be seen that he takes very radical ground, proposing to deal with the rebels not as "wayward sisters" but as alien enemies, who, having spurned the Constitution, are no longer entitled to its protection.

The Copperheads of Ohio have arraigned the Governor of the State upon a charge of kidnapping Dr. Olds, who, it will be remembered, was sent to Fort Lafayette on account of his sympathy with Southern treason. An indictment against the Governor was found by the Grand Jury of Fairfield County, and the Copperheads had laid all their plans for putting him into prison, when he was taken before Judge Johnson upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, and admitted to bail to appear before the Court of Common Pleas in June next.

On the 31st of March Mrs. Elmira Hunter died at Alton, Illinois. Her first husband was the eminent writer and journalist William Leggett, at one time one of the editors of *The Evening Post*, and afterwards of *The Plaindealer*, a weekly paper, and also known to the literary world by a volume of poems, and several tales of great merit.

Rev. P. A. Lovejoy was charged before the East New York Conference of the M. E. Church with introducing irrelevant political matter in his pulpit discourses. His course, so far from receiving censure, was heartily approved of, and a collection of $233.50 taken up for the pastor, who, for his loyal expressions, had been expelled by a congregation of Copperhead tendencies.

Thirty-four authors joined in the production of an elegant volume on rose tinted paper, printed by women, at Miss Faithfull's Victoria Press, entitled, "A Welcome, Original Contributions in Prose and Poetry, dedicated to her Royal Higness Alexandra, Princess of Wales." Among the parties to the graceful offering are Mrs. Norton, Miss Martineau, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Muloch, Chas. Kingsley, Owen Meredith, Anthony Trollope, Rev. T. D. Maurice, Louis Blanc, and others of equal celebrity. The articles are on miscellaneous subjects.

Pope Pius is rapidly failing. A Turin letter, dated March 16, published in an English paper, says:

"I have received from Rome some information which, considering that it comes from the brother of a prelate at that court, I think may be regarded as reliable. The career of the Pope is fast drawing to a close; the old man is fading day by day. His own phrase is that his weeks are numbered. He declines most of the remedies which the physicians propose. A sad smile is always on his lips. He remains for whole hours without speaking a word, plunged in a profound reverie. He eats and drinks very little. There has been a consultation of physicians from Paris sent by the Nuncio, according to some—by the Empress, according to others. But they were sent to little purpose. 'The lamp wants oil,' said the Pope himself, 'but the oil of life is only given by God. When it pleases Him to extinguish my lamp, I am ready.' The Pope is quite tranquil, and avoids as much as possible discussing any political question."

Miss Anna E. Dickinson, says the Hartford *Press*, "spoke on Monday night, March 30th, to the largest in-door audience ever assembled in Waterbury. She created the same unbounded enthusiasm as everywhere else. The audience was largely composed of so-called Democrats. She was speaking at one time directly to the foreigners present, asking them why they came to this country, if it was not to avoid starvation, etc. 'In the old country you worked for ten cents a day; and Mr. Buchanan, late Democratic President, said that was enough for you.' An Irishman in the back part of the house cried out, 'That's all we get now.' 'What is that?' said the speaker. The assertion was repeated. 'Then, my friend,' said Miss Dickinson, '*you must be working for a Democrat!*' Shouts of 'Brown Brothers' rung all over the house, amid laughter and the wildest enthusiasm of the audience at the hit. The repartee will be appreciated when we say that all the large factories in Waterbury have advanced their wages except Brown Brothers, who are Democrats. We believe *all* the other factories are in Republican hands."

Mr. Foster, the celebrated medium of "Spirit Manifestations," returned some time since from a visit to England, and has taken rooms at No. 30 Bond street, where he receives those who desire to witness the remarkable phenomena which occur in his presence, and which thousands of people believe to be produced by the agency of departed spirits. He is not only a rapping and writing medium, but professes to see spirits and converse with them; and ponderable objects are often moved in his presence without human contact, and it is claimed, by spirit agency. But the most remarkable feature of his mediumship is the frequent appearance of the names or initials of the departed in lines of blood on his hand or arm. We have ourselves witnessed some very astonishing manifestations of this kind in his presence, and as we often hear persons express a wish to see something of the sort, we shall do them a favor in directing their attention to Mr. Foster. While in England he was visited by many eminent persons, including not a few of the nobility; and some of the most intelligent and cultivated people of New York are seeking opportunities of testing in his presence the character of the phenomena usually called "Spirit Manifestations." "Prove all things—hold fast that which is good," is a motto appropriate to this as well as to all other subjects of human inquiry.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 5, 1863.

MR. BLAIR, the Postmaster-General, seems to be coming round to his old anti-slavery position. Some one has published a letter of his, written to a friend in Maryland, in which he advises his political friends there, in the coming State election, to put Emancipation before the people as an issue. It sounds like Blair in the old time. The letter is the first *manly* thing over his signature that I have seen in months. The substance of the letter is this: You will gain nothing by cowardice. If *you* do not let Emancipation into the canvass, your foe will. Therefore put it in boldly yourself and win! This is true doctrine, and if Mr. Blair had only acted upon it himself during the last year, we should be a good deal further advanced in this contest with the rebels than we are. If the President from the outset had acted on this principle, there would have been a different state of things from that which now exists.

But I am not going to find fault. I look upon this Blair letter as one of the remarkable signs of the hour. He is now essentially where the President was last September, on the Emancipation platform. The next man to step squarely upon it will be William H. Seward, and he is upon the stairs already. I look to see Mr. Seward as radical an anti-slavery man as he ever was before this year ends. There will always be a certain amount of singular *talk* in him, as there always was. It is a way of his to talk insincerely with some people—to talk as if he had no principles or convictions. Doubtless he will always keep it up. But the war is making him a radical just as it is such men as John Van Buren. Prince John will be advocating Fort Lafayette for slaveholders before December, if he goes on growing in grace as he has done the last month.

One hears little said about the slavery question nowadays in official circles, and it is perhaps a good sign. It looks as if everybody connected with the government had given up all controversy on the subject, and it was at last a settled and admitted fact that slavery must he extinguished with the rebellion. There are very few men who hold offices who dare express an opinion out loud to the contrary.

We have a new Postmaster in the Washington City Post Office. The new man, Sayles T. Bowen, came in on the first day of the month, and Mr. Clephane vacated the office on the last day of March. I believe I have alluded to this matter in a former letter. Mr. Clephane is a stanch Republican, and so is his successor. The clerks of the office waited upon Mr. Clephane on Wednesday night to bid him farewell, and in his address to them I see he has fallen into the same rut that so many office-holders get into. Let me quote a paragraph:

"Gentlemen, you are aware that in the selection of those who were to assist me in the performance of this duty, I have looked alone to capacity. I have not made that party office of it which many supposed I would, on entering upon it. I have sought to serve the government and the public faithfully, and in my selections of those who were to assist me, I looked to those who were best qualified to perform that duty; and I say to you here, gentlemen, that I am fully satisfied with the selections I have made (applause). It is true, my friends, as has been expressed by the Post-master-General, I

fail to win a victory, unless the rebels retreat so rapidly that he has no chance to fight them. If a fair battle is fought, Hooker will have the honor of winning the first victory of the year. AVON.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 6th, 1863.

After a March which, in spite of the proverb, was lion-like from beginning to end, and which gave us a severe snow-storm on its very last day, we have now weather suited to the season, and adapted to make glad the heart of man. At last, "Spring time o' year is coming, coming."

We are voting to-day, here in Massachusetts, upon a proposition to ratify or reject the Know-Nothing "amendment" (so called) to our Constitution, which forbids persons of foreign birth to vote or hold office here until two years after their naturalization, a process for which they must already have waited five years. The press takes little notice of this affair, and it seems probable that the vote will not be a large one.

The New England Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced its session at Charlestown on the 1st instant. Many of the members of this body are known to desire a strong expression of feeling, not only in regard to a loyal support of the government in its war now waged against a pro-slavery rebellion, but in favor of more vigorous measures against that system of slaveholding which has *caused* the war. No action to this effect, however, has yet been taken, and it remains to be seen how far the course of the Conference on that subject will be limited by the hunkerish element yet remaining in it.

The Providence Conference of the Methodist Church, now in session in Rhode Island, have passed resolutions strongly expressing their loyalty to the government, but not, so far as I have seen, taking such measures as a religious body should take in opposition to slavery.

Among the recent movements of that Tract Society in Boston which, a few years ago, relinquished its auxiliary connection with the American Tract Society, and set up for itself, has been the publication, from the pen of Rev. Samuel Wolcott, of a tract called "Separation from Slavery." This tract considers the question—not, what can Christians do for the abolition of slavery, but—"How shall Christians and Christian Churches *best absolve themselves from all responsible connection with slavery?*"

This position, an inquiry how they may get rid of deserved reproach instead of how they may accomplish the work of Christian reform, is the position of most of those portions of our great popular Churches which have undertaken to say or do anything in regard to slavery. The majorities, holding what are called "conservative" opinions, prefer to do and say nothing upon that subject; but the minorities, claiming to be reformatory, and stigmatized as rash innovators by their hunkerish brethren, confine their zeal within the moderate bounds above stated. One of the representative men of the latter class is Rev. Albert Barnes, whose opinions in respect to the proper treatment of slavery have recently been paraded at full length, and praised as eminently judicious and Christian, by your neighbor the New York *Observer*.

Mr. Barnes, after condemning general immediate emancipation, and denying the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories, recommends a reconstruction of the severed nation by amendments of the Constitution, giving additional guaranties to slavery; one of these, he thinks, should be an allowance, by the North, that the slave States may have a representation in Congress for *all* their slaves, instead of merely three fifths of them. A reconstruction on this basis would have, he thinks, the following advantages, namely:

"The occasion for war would cease."

"The conscience of the North would be relieved, as having no further complicity with slavery, and as being henceforward in no way responsible for it."

"The rights of the South would be secured."

Such is the position of the man whom *The Observer* has the effrontery to call a leader of the advance school of Abolitionists in the Church!

Having spoken of the old Churches, I will say a word of a new one which has lately been formed in Boston by Rev. Leicester A. Sawyer, author of a new translation of the Bible, and of a spirited little work called—"Reconstruction of Biblical Theories."

In a circular lately published by Mr. Sawyer's congregation, addressed "To the friends of religious freedom, inquiry, and progress," the new enterprise is declared to be established on the broadest basis of religious freedom and catholicity, the untrammelled investigation of the character, authority and teachings of the Scriptures, and of all religious and moral truth, and the pursuit and practice of all right and noble doings, free from sectarian narrowness and imposition.

Of the minister of this new Society the circular says—

"Mr. Sawyer is a believer in religious discovery and advancement, and claims for reason and conscience their just supremacy and normal exercise, unfettered by ancient tradition or popular custom and opinion. He entertains the highest respect for the Scriptures as historical documents, books of information and instruction, and monuments of the opinions and experiences of the past in long lines of progression, but rejects entirely their infallibility as equally erroneous with the kindred dogma of the infallibility of the Church and its hierarchy, over which were fought the great battles of the Protestant Reformation, and equally injurious and oppressive. He embraces and teaches Christianity as a system of truth and righteousness, independent of all books, Christian and Jewish, and resting on the same immutable and eternal foundations of experience and reason as the sciences and liberal arts."

The meetings of this new congregation on Sunday mornings—for they, like several other Boston Churches, find one good sermon sufficient for one day—are held in the Mercantile Building, 16 Summer street; the seats are free, and strangers and others are cordially invited to attend.

It is a noteworthy, but by no means a strange coincidence, that a religious society like the above should be formed on this side the Atlantic at the very time when Bishop Colenso's publications to the same effect are staking the Episcopal Church in England. There is a tide in religious thought and action, as well as in the affairs of men; and the Bishop of Natal, in his African diocese, the authors of "Essays and Reviews" in England, and the orthodox author of a new translation of the Bible in America, seem to have been simultaneously inspired by the same high impulse. Each of these movements was small as an acorn in its beginning. The end of them doth not yet appear.

A week or so ago, arrived the new organ which has been built in Germany for our Music Hall. I need not trouble you with details, further than to say that it is designed to surpass all instruments of its kind in this country, and that it is reported to be one of the six largest organs in the world. If this estimate of its size be correct, it will be unduly large for its place and purpose; as much too large, as the immense Old World cathedrals, where its companions are placed, exceed our modest Music Hall, which will hold not many more than three thousand people. A similar mistake has been made by many Churches (among those sects which are accustomed, as the Quaker said, to "praise God by machinery"); and many organists seem to think that a due exhibition of the powers of their instrument requires that they should shake the building, and give head-aches to the audience. A player has come from Germany with this instrument, who is to superintend the erection of it, and be its exhibitor for one year; and the proprietors of the Music Hall seem to expect that, for that period or longer, its music will be one of the chief attractions of the three-hilled city. To give additional *éclat* to its first appearance, the Hall will be refurnished and decorated anew.

Since these changes will require two or three months, and since, for a time, the proprietors of the Music Hall wish the exhibition of the organ to remain a monopoly in their hands, the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society will be obliged to compress themselves, for the present, within the narrow bounds of the Melodeon, for their Sunday morning services. The first ill consequence of this restriction was that only twelve hundred people could hear Wendell Phillips's discourse yesterday, instead of the vast audience which usually crowds to listen, when he takes the place of minister.

Mr. Phillips's subject was—"A Metropolitan Police, as affecting the material, moral, and religious interests of Boston." Upon this theme he made a most impressive discourse, showing that the change in question is indispensable alike to secure the due execution of the State laws against liquor-selling, to protect that freedom of public debate which our Constitution claims as the right of the citizen, and to abate nuisances which now continually tempt the unwary to destruction, increase and create crimes of all sorts, ruin domestic happiness, and nullify those instrumentalities of education and religion which might else effectually save and bless. He showed that a movement in this direction would not contravene either democratic principles or democratic usages, and appealed to the experience of London, New York and other cities, in proof of its decided efficiency in the direction of reform, as well as its maintenance of good order. A full report of the discourse is given in this evening's *Traveller*.

It is understood that the special Committee of our Legislature, having under consideration the appointment of a Metropolitan Police for this city, are divided in opinion, and that two reports will be presented; the majority recommending that our system be changed, and the minority (consisting of Boston members) reporting adversely.

This afternoon we find published (for the first time, so far as I know) the brief but excellent address delivered by Hon. Josiah Quincy before the Union Club of Boston on the 28th ult. After stating the position taken by the Confederate States in regard to the *right* of slaveholding, founded on the assumed inferiority of the negro race, he says that necessarily, in the nature of things, Great Britain *must* sooner or later take the side of the United States in this war, and assist to uphold that great feature of civilization which she so long ago conspicuously recognized by the abolition of slavery in her West India Islands. It is to be hoped that the address of Edward Everett, shortly to be given before the same body, may teach doctrine as sound. NORTH.

New Publications.

THE RESULTS OF SLAVERY. By AUGUSTIN COCHIN, Ex-Maire and Municipal Counsellor of Paris. Work crowned by the Institute of France. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This volume is the complement of that entitled "The Results of Emancipation," lately noticed in these columns; the two having been published together in France, under the collective title, *L'Abolition de l'Esclavage*. The publication of the translation of the first volume separately was done with the approbation of the author, who expressed the hope that it might "soon be possible also to publish the translation of the second volume, since the proof seems more striking when the results of emancipation are placed in the presence of the results of slavery—the good face to face with the evil." Those who have read "The Results of Emancipation," as traced by the careful and conscientious hand of M. Cochin, will be eager to examine the counterpart of the picture.

This volume is divided into Seven Books and an Appendix. Book First is devoted to Slavery in the United States. The subject, after the Introduction, is treated in five chapters, under the following heads:

CHAPTER I.—Influence of Slavery on the whole Policy of Legislation of the United States. 1. From the Adoption of the Constitution to the Missouri Compromise (1787–1820); 2. From the Missouri Compromise to the Election of President Buchanan (1820–1856); 3. From the Election of Buchanan to the Insurrection at Harper's Ferry.

CHAPTER II.—The North and South (Statistically Compared).

CHAPTER III.—Reasons for Maintaining Slavery—Objections and Replies: 1. The Origin, History and Theory of Slavery; 2. The Happiness of the Slaves.

CHAPTER IV.—What are the Legal Means of Abolishing Slavery? 1. The Powers of Congress in accordance with the Constitution; 2. State Legislation and Individual Enfranchisement; 3. What is the best System of Emancipation? 4. Possible Consequences if Emancipation take place—Probable Consequences if Emancipation do not take place.

CHAPTER V.—The Separation of the North and South. 1. From the Insurrection at Harper's Ferry (1859) to the Nomination of President Lincoln (1860); 2. From the Election to the Installation of President Lincoln.

M. Cochin traverses this wide field with the eye of a statesman and a philosopher, and a mind in full sympathy with the broadest and highest principles of justice and freedom. He has mastered completely the history and the workings of the Federal and State governments, and traced the connection of slavery with American politics with an accuracy that leaves nothing to be desired, and an impartiality which the most violent partisanship cannot impeach. The influence of the work upon thoughtful men in this country, whose prejudices have hitherto blinded them to the truth, must be very great. The facts and figures which, when presented by American Abolitionists, they would not deign to consider, will now, in the pages of this eminent writer, command their attention and influence their judgment.

Having devoted nearly one half of his volume to slavery in the United States, M. Cochin sums up the Results of Slavery in other parts of the world in Books II., III., and IV., under the following heads: Spanish Colonies; Portugal; Brazil; Colonies of Holland. Book VI. is devoted to "The Slave Trade—Immigration—Africa." In Book VII. he treats of Christianity and Slavery, distributing the subject (after the Introduction) as follows:

CHAPTER I.—Slavery before Christianity. 1. Slavery in Antiquity; 2. Slavery among the Jews.

CHAPTER II.—Slavery in the Sight of Christianity. 1. The Gospel; The Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles; 3. Slavery in Sight of the Church—(1) Abolition of Ancient Slavery—(2) Abolition of Modern Slavery.

CHAPTER III.—The Theory of Slavery.

CHAPTER IV.—Résumé—Why the Influence of Christianity has not been Prompter and more Decisive.

The matter of the Appendix is distributed under these heads: 1. Extract from the Civil Code of Louisiana; 2. The Happiness of the Slaves—Divers Facts and Testimonies; 3. American Bibliography of Slavery; 4. Spain to St. Domingo; 5. A Concordat between the Holy See and the Republic of Hayti; 6. Article of the Treaty of Paris (1814) relative to the Negro Slave Trade; 7. Catholic Missions in Africa (1860–1861); 8. Bull of Pope Benedict XIV., 1741; 9. Bull of Pope Gregory XVI., 1839.

M. Cochin gives a list of such American works on Slavery as he has been able to procure. It includes the writings of Albert Barnes, W. H. Brisbane, Channing, Fletcher, Helper, Olmstead, Gürowski, Parker, Mrs. Stowe, and others, but *not* those of Dr. Cheever, who has treated the subject far more thoroughly and exhaustively than anybody else. If M. Cochin had been so fortunate as to meet with Dr. Cheever's "God against Slavery," and "The Scriptures on the Guilt of Slavery," we think he would have found reasons for modifying his Scriptural argument in some particulars.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. XVI. V—Z. With a Supplement. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the concluding volume of a work which will hold, as it deserves, a high place in American literature. Its faults, however they may be magnified, are insignificant in comparison with its acknowledged merits. The editors have performed their laborious and difficult task—a task in which they have been diligently engaged for a period of six years—not only with great thoroughness but with great impartiality. In the field which it professes to cover, it is vastly superior to any other work of its kind. In one department—that of living biography—it has no rival; and this feature alone will ensure it a place on the shelves of thousands who might otherwise do without it.

In the present volume we find sketches of Martin Van Buren, Vandyke, Voltaire, Bishop Wainwright, Robert Walsh, the Ware Family, Joseph Warren, George Washington, Isaac Watts, James Watt, Daniel Webster, Noah Webster, Wellington, the Wesley Family, Benjamin West, Whitefield, Silas Wright, Wyckliffe, etc. Among the living characters of whom we find sketches are Queen Victoria, Hon. B. F. Wade, Robert J. Walker, John G. Whittier, Com. Wilkes, N. P. Willis, Henry A. Wise, Gen. Wool, Henry Wilson, etc.

Among the subjects treated we notice Vermont, Virginia, Wales, Warming and Ventilation (by Prof. Youmans), Washington City, Waterloo, Weaving, Whale Fishery, Wheat, White Mountains, Wine, Wisconsin, Wool and Woollen Manufactures, Yale College, Yellow Fever, Zodiacal Light.

In the Supplement we have many new and omitted titles. In the department of biography we observe the following names: Gen. Anderson, Gen. Beauregard, J. P. Benjamin, Parson Brownlow, Gen. Burnside, Gen. Butler, Simon Cameron, Bishop Colenso, John W. Forney, Gen. Halleck, Gen. Grant, Joseph Holt, Gen. Hooker, Gen. Hunter, Gen. McClellan, Gen. Phelps, Gen. Pope, Gen. Saxton, Gen. Rosecrans, Gen. Schurz, etc. We also observe sketches of the principal Battles of the present war.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE enters upon its seventy-seventh volume with the issue for April 4th. More than half of the number is occupied with an article on "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte," an episode from Alexander William Kinglake's History of the Invasion of the Crimea. "It is composed," says *The Evening Post*, "in a very masterly manner; the analysis of Louis Napoleon's character is exceedingly searching and able, and the narrative of the conspiracy and massacres of December, 1851, by which he made himself the sovereign of France, is one of the finest examples of historical writing which we have had within this century, and that is saying a great deal. There is no attempt to palliate the guilt of this conspiracy against the liberties of France, which, by the aid of men more resolute and even more wicked than himself, was executed with as murderous and cruel a ferocity as ever marked any of the changes of dynasty in the semi-barbarous nations of the East. The circumstances appear to have been carefully investigated and are mercilessly exposed. The name of Louis Napoleon will go down to posterity stained with an infamy as dark as that of the wretch, his remote predecessor, who ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew. French history has no fouler page than that which records the crimes which raised this man to the throne, and scarce anything more discreditable to the French character than the suddenness with which the atrocities of that day were forgotten."

CATHOLIC OPPOSITION TO SLAVERY.

THE Catholic newspapers of the country are generally pro-slavery in the worst sense of the word; but *The Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati, if we may judge by the following extract, is at least in favor of emancipation in Russia:

"On the 3d day of March, 1863, slavery ceased to exist in the Russian Empire. This is a great step which her people have made toward the Catholic Church, because so long as serfdom existed the Catholic faith could accomplish little or nothing. *Our Church and slavery have never gone along well together. With a just sensitiveness for order and vested rights, she has ever proceeded with great prudence in her efforts to mitigate the hardship of human bondage and the odious licentiousness to which it leads; but once the chains are broken, never, with the consent of the Church, shall they be riveted again.* Hence we look forward with hope to the Russian Empire and the entrance of the Catholic missionary into her towns and forests. All great events which take place here have reference more to ecclesiastical than political affairs; it is for the Church that the world exists. The providence of God brings order out of the movements of nations, even when they are most impelled by passion, because His Church is then enabled to take advantage of the calm, and bend and shape to a holy design the thoughts and plans of men. How vain is it for a Catholic, knowing these things, to make himself miserable by becoming a violent partisan in any of those political schemes which distract a nation. He is laughed at or despised for his pains, while the work of God is carried onward by the Church in spite of all opposition. From the great social revolution in Russia, so nobly and generously, so far as we can judge, introduced by the Czars, we hope to see great results for the honor of divine truth and the welfare of men. Should we be disappointed in this, it is at least a subject for universal joy, that there is a great Empire where millions are free to-day who a month ago were serfs. No victory ever won deserves a '*Te Deum*' like this."

A PARODY.—Our readers cannot fail to appreciate the wit of the following parody, which we copy from *The Saturday Courier*.

THE LOTUS-PLANTER.

BY MEADORE MILTON.

A Bray-man took an empty pod,
And planted it beneath the sod.

Then prayed devoutly on the grass
That some big thing might come to pass.

"O Lord," he cried, "if Lord, indeed,
Raise me the little poem I need!"

Strange answer! Bowed with toil and shame,
The inevitable Negro came.

Up sprang the plant, and on its rim:
"Go, make a poem out of *him!*"

The Bray-man wrote his verses odd,
And found Heaven's pease within his pod!

The slave took up his load again,
And groaned beneath the added strain.

A miracle! No hand but God's
Brings poems out of empty pods!

THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT, in the election of Monday last, which was preceded by one of the severest political contests ever witnessed in this country, reasserted her loyalty to the National government in the most decisive manner. The Republican-Union State ticket was elected by a majority of 2,468. The Senate will stand 14 Republican-Union to 7 Copperhead—the House the same way, 139 to 94. Of the four members of Congress, three are for and one opposed to the Administration. This is a severe blow to the Copperheads, who, feeling sure of success, made open proclamation of their sympathy with the rebels and their opposition to the war. Their defeat, notwithstanding the absence of so many loyal voters, and in spite of the "baser elements" that predominate in the cities and large towns, is an event of the most cheering character. New England, in the struggle with slaveholding treason, is still a unit.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—*The Tribune* publishes a classified list of the Representatives thus far elected to the House, which foots up thus: Republicans 85, Democrats 74. The friends of the Administration are thus a long way ahead, with the following States to add to their strength: Vermont 3, West Virginia 3, California 3, Missouri (vacancy) 1—in all 10, carrying their majority up to 21. This must be overcome, if at all, by Maryland and Kentucky, and by the choice of Representatives in portions of the South now in rebellion. *The Tribune* says: "It is not probable that any will be elected from Tennessee or any other preponderantly rebel State, for want of Legislative authority to apportion under the census of 1860."

NOTICE.—The call for copies of "The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year" has been so considerable, that no more copies can be sent for the amount of postage, as heretofore offered.

FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.—The valuable and still timely tract, by Mrs. L. Maria Child, entitled, "The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies, and elsewhere" (108 pages), will be sent by mail to any person requesting it, and enclosing *six cents* in undefaced postage stamps. Address SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 221 *Washington Street, Boston.*

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The vote on the anti-slavery Constitution, in the new State of "West Virginia," like the handle on a pitcher, is all on one side. The return of the vote on the adoption of the Constitution, thus far, is 13,269 *for*, and 292 *against*. There perhaps never was greater unanimity presented before by any community in the adoption of a fundamental law—one, too, that strikes at an institution which nearly every voter from childhood has been educated to respect as *the* necessity of the State.

ST LOUIS FOR FREEDOM!—At the municipal election on Monday last, Chauncey J. Filley, the Radical Emancipation candidate, was elected Mayor by 1,500 majority over his uncle, Oliver D. Filley, moderate Emancipationist, and 3,000 over the Copperhead candidate.

—Jefferson City, the Capital of Missouri, also chose a Radical Emancipationist for Mayor on the same day.

GERRIT SMITH'S SPEECH.—The admirable speech "On the Country," delivered by Mr. Smith at the Cooper Institute, Dec. 21, has been published in pamphlet form, and will be mailed, post paid, for a three-cent stamp sent to this office.

THE ANNIVERSARY DISCOURSE before the Church Anti-Slavery Society will be delivered on Sunday evening, May 10th, at the Church of the Puritans, by Rev. Dr. Cheever.

THE DETROIT RIOTERS.—The examination of the Detroit rioters has just concluded. Eight of the prisoners have been discharged and twelve held for trial.

FOR MRS. GAGE.—The barrel of articles from Mrs. Caroline R. Putnam, of Salem, Mass., is received.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS OF THE WEST, so far as heard from, show great gains for the Loyalists.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

We have news from rebel sources that a demonstration against Charleston commenced on Friday of last week. It is announced from Washington that it is officially known there that our gunboats and iron clads left Port Royal on the 1st inst., and would probably reach their destination the next day. A dispatch from the headquarters of the army of the Potomac leads to the inference that they have struck a blow somewhere. It is believed, from the actions of the rebels on the other side of the Rappahannock, that they are in possession of information unfavorable to their cause—unusual care being taken to prevent any of their papers from getting within our lines.

By an arrival from New Orleans we have a brief announcement of great importance if true. The steamer (Eastern Queen), while at Fort Phillip, in the Mississippi, on the 31st ult., was visited by the boarding-officer, who said he had a dispatch announcing that the rebels had begun to evacuate Port Hudson.

An arrival from Port Royal brings important news from Florida. The town of Jacksonville was burned on the 31st ult, and our forces left the same day. The colored troops had been up St. John's River, and seized upon Pilatka. They were somewhat annoyed by covert attacks, but suffered no material loss.

One of our officers very recently released from the Richmond prison, says that on Thursday last he saw from his prison window a great bread riot. The rioters were composed of about 3,000 women, armed with clubs, and guns and stones. They broke open the government and private stores, and took bread, clothing, and whatever else they wanted. The militia were ordered out to check the riot, but failed to do so. Jeff. Davis and other officials made speeches, and told them they should have what they needed. They then became calm, and order was once more restored.

Gen. Rosecrans telegraphs to the War Department that Gen. Stanley has returned from his scout (in Southern Tennessee), bringing in some 40 or 50 prisoners, and 300 serviceable horses and mules. He drove Morgan's cavalry from the Peninsula, whipping them from their stronghold, Snow's Hill, north of Smithville—and but for their precipitate retreat, and the difficult nature of the country, would have had a force in their rear, and captured their artillery and animals.

We have a few items from the Vicksburg region. A dispatch from Helena, 3d inst., says that the advices from Gen. Quimby's expedition, to the 30th ult., state that no progress had been made in the reduction of Fort Greenwood. Our forces were still in front of the enemy, and there had been considerable skirmishing between the pickets on shore. The rebels were increasing the strength of their works. They have received and mounted more heavy guns, and are well supplied with ammunition. The country along the Tallahatchie is occupied by two regiments of Confederate cavalry and swarms with guerillas. The first reconnoissance of Haines's Bluff by gunboats was made by Admiral Porter. The object was one of reconnoissance only. They proceeded within range of the rebel batteries, and fired shots over at them, but the shots were not returned.

That there is a "Peace Party" in the South, notwithstanding the denials of the rebel leaders, is evidenced by the following item from a Southern paper which has recently found its way North: "The Peace Party of the South, headed by Henry S. Foote, Alexander Mosley, editor of the Richmond *Whig*, and others, are about to introduce a resolution on the subject (of peace) which will probably pass the lower House of Congress before the adjournment. It is said that the course of the Richmond *Enquirer* is disapproved of by many of the leading members of the Confederate Congress."

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

NEGRO INSURRECTION ON A SMALL SCALE.—Says a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from Lake Providence, March 21: A few days since a runaway-negro made his appearance on the plantation of Gen. Sparrow, of the Confederate army, at Lake Providence, and with a shot-gun in his hands threatened death and destruction to Mrs. Sparrow and her children, the only white persons on the place. The lady became greatly frightened at this demonstration by Sambo, and instantly penned a note to Col. Dietzler, of the 1st Kansas Regiment, imploring him, "for God's sake, if he ever had a mother," to render her assistance. As the contingency named happened to apply to the Colonel, he sent the necessary succor to Mrs. S., but Cuffy had decamped before the arrival of the Federal squad.

There are about three thousand contrabands within the lines of our army at this point—not in front of Vicksburg, but at Lake Providence alone.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE NEGRO.—A correspondent writes from Newbern: "Our camp is daily thronged with Ethiopians of all sizes, sexes, ages and varieties, from the black, broad-nozed, big-heeled descendant of Ham to the mulatto, with skin almost as white as our own. I have seen children who, if taken North and sent to school, would compare favorably in color and in natural brightness with their more favored playmates. One little fellow, with white skin and fair features, on being asked where his father was, replied that he was 'in the rebel army.' His father was a quite wealthy slaveholder, and his mother, a quadroon, was kept by him. The father was now 'off for the wars,' his slaves had run away, and the little fellow, who, with his mother, had fled to this place, was left to grow about, in rags and dirt, almost without care, and to grow up in ignorance and vice. What an education for a child! No wonder the negro race is so degraded and ignorant, and yet some people assert that because these people have always been kept in ignorance and degradation, they are unfit for any higher condition, and should always remain so. The principal occupation of these people is washing for the soldiers and vending pies, cakes, etc. Many of the able-bodied ones are employed by the government on fortifications. It is curious to notice the peculiar dialect of the darkies. It is as distinct from and unlike genuine English as the latter is from the language spoken by the inhabitants of the Fegee islands. This peculiarity is noticeable also in all the white specimens of secesh which I have yet seen. The latter are quite plenty here, and can be easily recognized by their long hair, slouching gait, and villainous appearance. They can generally be found hanging around the wharves and other places. They take the oath of allegiance and pretend to be 'good Union men'; but they are closely watched for all that."

GEN. GILBERT, one of the Union commanders in Kentucky, has isued the following order, which has no doubt shocked the slaveholders:

"LEXINGTON, Ky., March 28.

"Union men of Kentucky are expected to contribute toward the defense of this State, and we do not think it becomes them to endeavor to have their negroes exempted from the labor necessary for the defence of this city. Neutrals and secession sympathizers may think themselves fortunate if they themselves are not forced to work in the trenches. Men who will not defend their country, or sympathizers with those who wish to destroy it, have no rights that we are bound to respect. By command of

"A. S. GILBERT, Colonel Commanding Post."

MORE BLACK RECRUITS FOR MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENTS.—A squad of black recruits, nearly fifty in number, for the negro regiments organizing by Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, reached this city by the New York and Erie Railroad this morning. The men were enlisted in Buffalo, Cincinnati and Detroit, and were under the command of Sergeant Thos. H Stewart.

We are informed that every one of these recruits can read and write. They certainly bear an excellent appearance; they were evidently conscious of their dignity as soldiers, and marched better than white recruits generally do who have been under training for so short a time. They did not seem to heed the curious scrutiny of the crowds of men and boys which gathered round them; and their martial bearing forbade any symptoms of disrespect.

These men report that the enlistment of recruits of their color is making fair progress; and the Buffalo and Cincinnati men believe that when the arrangements now begun for the relief of the families of the black volunteers in those towns are completed the negroes will come forward with great rapidity.

Sergeant Stewart's recruits are to form a part of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. They embark for Boston in the steamer Plymouth Rock this evening.—*Eve. Post, 4th.*

COLORED TROOPS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The following correspondence will show that the colored people of Philadelphia have no desire to avoid the responsibility of the war. The action of the patriotic Representative of that city, Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, exhibits the deep interest he is taking in this important and delicate question:

HESTONVILLE, March 19, 1863.

HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY—*Dear Sir:* By the newspapers I see that a colored regiment of soldiers is about being organized in Philadelphia for service in putting down the rebellion against our government. Feeling an interest in the cause, and wishing to do my mite in the good work, but not wishing to "go it blind," I would like some information from you on the following points:

Which officers are to be colored, if any? Are we on an equal footing on the field with the white soldiers? What pay are we to receive? A reply to the foregoing questions, with any other information in regard to the matter, will be thankfully received by

Yours, in the good cause, G. W. J. BAGWELL,
Blockly P. O., Twenty-fourth Ward.

P.S.—I would not trouble you for a written reply, but that I wish to show it to my friends throughout the city, so that they may go to work understandingly.
G. W. J. B.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, March 22, 1863.

G. W. J. BAGWELL—*Dear Sir:* I regret that I cannot give you the information for which you ask in your patriotic note of the 19th. I can only say that I have requested the Secretary of War to commission as Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major three well-trained soldiers, and authorize them to recruit a regiment of men of African descent; but my request has not been acted upon. *My impression* is that the non-commissioned officers alone will be filled from the ranks. If your people exhibit on the field the courage, skill and endurance their forefathers did in our Revolutionary struggle, a brave and generous people will not long withhold from them the soldier's just reward—promotion.

The field of operations for this class of troops will be chiefly in the Gulf States, where they will in a few months constitute the great bulk, if not the whole of our army.

As to food, clothing, pay and the right to pension, for self or surviving kindred, you will be on the footing of all other national troops.

Regretting that I cannot give you all the information you desire, and hoping that your race will avail itself promptly of the opportunity now opening of attesting its title to the enjoyment of every right that man holds dear,

I am truly your friend.
WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

THE PLANTATIONS.—*New Orleans, March 8.*—Inquiry among those connected with the planting interest convinces me that the arrangement entered into between Gen. Banks in behalf of the government and the negroes on the one side, and the planters on the other, really works tolerably well. A great many planters were dissatisfied with the results of their convention and conferences with the Commanding General, but they were unwilling to make allowances in conformity with the state of affairs here, and many insisted on legal rights they had themselves, by direct acts against the government, rendered impossible. But where they have commenced work, proposing to make the best of circumstances, they are succeeding. In the parish of Assumption, there are not more than ten plantations that are not worked under the contract agreed on by Gen. Banks and the convention, and of which I sent a copy to *The Evening Post*. The Provost Marshals generally take care to inform the negroes that the government will not support them in idleness; that they must work either for the United States or their masters—and thereupon a large proportion return voluntarily to their homes, to work for wages and to work well. The plantations suffer about as much, and often more, for lack of mules than from want of negroes. The government has taken up a great number of these animals for its own use, and the usual sources, Kentucky and Tennessee, are cut off by that as yet impassable barrier, the rebellion. Both because less labor is required, and the crops bid fair to be unusually lucrative, cotton and tobacco will be largely cultivated this year in the sugar-growing districts.—*Eve. Post.*

Summary.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE PENNIES?—During the month of March 5,300,000 pennies were coined at the Philadelphia Mint! By whom have they all been absorbed?

They have in Washington a Newsboys' Aid Society, which is about to erect a building for the accommodation of the boys, of whom some one hundred and fifty are homeless. The building will be fitted up with lodgings, library, school and play rooms, bathing facilities, etc.

The government of Nicaragua has seized all the property belonging to the Transit Company, including the steamers on the river and lake. The government declares that the Company have violated their contract, and in accordance with the terms of the contract the property is forfeited.

The Altoona (Pa.) *Register* tells of a female just returned to that city, after a service of eighteen months in the army without having her sex discovered. She took part in three battles, and was wounded twice, first above the eye and then in the arm, the latter wound compelling her to disclose her sex.

Three-fifths of the adult white population of California are men without wives. Four out of every five white men are bachelors; and from necessity; for while there are one hundred and eighty-three thousand eight hundred and fifty-six white men in the State, there are only forty-eight thousand one hundred and forty-nine white women.

NEGROPHOBIA.—In Thornbury township, Chester County, where they only poll about fifteen to twenty votes, two Copperheads named Clayton and Woodward, voted for a full ticket of negroes for the township offices. Their object was, of course, to cast ridicule upon the negro; but we venture to say that the black men for whom they voted are superior to any whites of the Copperhead species.

A NEW QUESTION OF EMANCIPATION.—A new question has arisen under the Emancipation proclamation. There are at least five hundred negroes advertised for sale in Kentucky, under its internal police laws, who are freemen—fugitives from Alabama and Mississippi. A debate has already commenced in Cabinet meetings, on the question, "Can States, through local laws, revert to bondage colored men whom the President's proclamation made free?"—*Cor. Times.*

We saw on Washington street, the other day, the smallest specimen of African humanity which we have ever seen. He was a well formed and elegantly dressed negro about two and a half feet high—certainly one of the least of Christ's brethren. He was exceedingly black. We have been expecting to read fulminations in *The Courier* against this evident design of the negro race to put itself upon an equality with the whites in all *minute.*—*Boston Commonwealth.*

FAITH IN THE LORD AND GEN. MCCLELLAN.—Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Pitcher, assisted by other ministers, held divine service in the Soldiers' Rest, which was attended by a large number of soldiers. Mr. Pitcher, after preaching an appropriate discourse, exhorted his hearers to enlist on the side of the Lord, and proceeded to inquire, "Who has faith in the Lord?" when an old soldier, slightly the worse for liquor, rose in his place and said, "I'm d—d if I havn't faith in the Lord, and General McClellan too!" to which several responsive "amens" were given. The soldier of large faith was forthwith taken out.—*Wash. letter.*

GEN. BUTLER WANTED IN NEW ORLEANS.—A naval officer at New Orleans writes to a friend in this city as follows, under date of

NEW ORLEANS, March 24, 1863.

* * * "Butler is wanted here again. Secession parties are very common, and are conducted in open defiance of military law. A few evenings since a party was given to the officers of an English sloop-of-war, and among other things the American flag was spread under the supper-table, as a crumb-cloth, yet no notice is taken of it. Union men, or more properly United States government employees, are beginning to go armed. Those who are willing to fight for the old flag are beginning to despair, while the accursed rebels are becoming more confident and defiant."

Of course our negro-haters attempt to ridicule the Haytien Minister and his Secretary at Washington, but they are evidently well taught and well behaved gentlemen, and are perfectly at home in good society. Free negro society at Washington is much excited because the Haytien brethren repel their advances very decidedly. At a meeting in one of the colored churches a venerable old contraband uncorked his wrath as follows: "Dese d—d furrin niggers tink demselbs better dan the President. Massa Old Abe let de cullered folks come into de White House, and talks to dem like a fader, and here's dese cusses won't look at 'em. I isn't gwine to hab nuffin more to do wid 'em, I isn't."

A "COPPERHEAD" ORATOR CORNERED.—The Concord (N. H.) *Statesman* relates that C. Levi Woodbury, of Boston, in a speech to the Democracy at Warner the other day, hauled out some Continental money and intimated to the audience that the government notes would by and by be as much below par as those revolutionary issues. On which a life-long Democrat was permitted to intimate to the meeting that as the patriots of the revolution were justified in freely issuing paper money with which to *carry the country from colonial bondage to national independence*, he supposed this Administration would stand well in history for resorting to paper issues with which to *save the Union for which the fathers fought.* The audience saw the point, and so also did Mr. Woodbury.

ANOTHER FEMALE IMPRESSMENT.—The Atlanta (Ga.) papers state that a few days since some fifteen or twenty women, residents of that city, all decently dressed, collected together on one of the principal streets and made an impressment of about two hundred pounds of bacon belonging to private parties. They did it in a quiet, yet bold and determined manner, one of them quietly taking out a Colt's revolver and standing guard while the others removed the bacon. They first offered to buy it at prices such as the government is paying, but finding the holder unwilling to sell at such rates, they announced their determination to *seize* it, which determination they resolutely carried out. They were soldiers' wives who had large families to support.

GEN. SUMNER'S LOYALTY.—The Toledo (Ohio) *Blade* narrates the following:

"A friend in this city who was well acquainted with Gen. Sumner and his family, gives us the following instance of his stern loyalty to the country he has so well served: His favorite daughter, the wife of Col. Long, of the rebel army, not long since wrote from within the rebel lines to her mother in Washington, for some small children's shoes, a few needles, etc., which she could not obtain where she was. The request being laid before her father, he promptly forbid the request, preferring to leave her who once was the darling of his heart to the consequences of the treason with which she had unfortunately become identified, rather than encourage the least contraband trade."

THE HEGIRA.—The Chicago correspondent of *The Times* says: Being down at Hannibal, Mo., last week, I had an opportunity of learning something of the condition of things in that section. There is a regular exodus from Missouri into Iowa and Illinois. Every train brings large numbers, who are "fleeing from the wrath to come." There is an unusual proportion of women and children among these emigrants, the men being in either the one or the other of the contending armies. The cause of the present hegira is the appointment of Gen. Price to the command of the rebel forces in Arkansas and Missouri. Both Union men and rebels have great confidence in his ability and generalship, and they expect he will be able to successfully invade Missouri, according to the programme which he has announced.

THE PIRATE MAFFIT WELCOMED AT BARBADOES.—The following is an extract of a private letter from Barbadoes, dated March 6th:

"By way of a postscript I must add that we have had a visit in our bay from the Confederate steamer Florida. She came in about a week since, having chased in an American bark which came near falling a victim to her piratical intentions. The pirate received here a supply of coal, which enabled her to pursue her wicked voyage. Captain Maffit (who happens to be a son of a Methodist minister, quite famous, of this name) was treated with great attention by the people of the island, dined at 'Government

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

AN AUCTION SALE.

"MATCH me now, Sir, those midnight eyes!
Some spirit there, you think?
A king might stoop of those red lips
The honey-dew to drink.
Mark how fresh on her untamed cheek
The feelings rise and swell:
There's good Patrician blood, there, Sir,
But she knows her duty well.

"I tell you, Sir, there's scarce a girl
In all our Southern land,
For beauty, spirit, fire and wit,
Before our "Liz." can stand,
And faster than for years her songs
Will make your old blood creep.
All right! Down with her—she is yours—
You've bought her 'mazing cheap!"

Bought what? a soul as true as thine,
My gentle blue-eyed maid;
With heart as warm, though her cheek's hue
Be deeper by a shade.
Go, now, and raise your woman's voice
For the men that lead her
Forced to the block, to be the slave
Of the highest bidder.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

ADDRESS

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

DELIVERED AT NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1863.

[REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been requested to offer you a sketch, made some years since, of one of the most remarkable men of the last generation, the great St. Domingo chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, an unmixed negro, with no drop of white blood in his veins. My sketch is at once a biography and an argument—a biography, of course very brief, of a negro soldier and statesman, which I offer you as an argument in behalf of the race from which he sprung. I am about to compare and weigh races; indeed, I am engaged to-night in what you will think the absurd effort to convince you that the negro race, instead of being that object of pity or contempt which we usually consider it, is entitled, judged by the facts of history, to a place close by the side of the Saxon. Now, races love to be judged in two ways—by the great men they produce, and by the average merit of the mass of the race. We Saxons are proud of Bacon, Shakspeare, Hampden, Hancock, Washington, the stars we have lent to the galaxy of history; and then we turn with equal pride to the average merit of Saxon blood, since it streamed from its German home. So, again, there are three tests by which races love to be tried. The first, the basis of all, is courage—the element which says, here and to-day, "This continent is mine, from the Lakes to the Gulf: let him beware who seeks to divide it!" (Cheers.) And the second is the recognition that force is doubled by purpose; liberty regulated by law is the secret of Saxon progress. And the third element is persistency, endurance; first a purpose, then death or success. Of these three elements is made that Saxon pluck which has placed our race in the van of modern civilization.

In the hour you lend me to-night, I attempt the Quixotic effort to convince you that the negro blood, instead of standing at the bottom of the list, is entitled, if judged either by its great men or its masses, either by its courage, its purpose or its endurance, to a place as near ours as any other blood known in history. And, for the purpose of my argument, I take an island, St. Domingo, about the size of South Carolina, the third spot in America upon which Columbus placed his foot. Charmed by the magnificence of its scenery and fertility of its soil, he gave it the fondest of all names, Hispaniola, Little Spain. His successor, more pious, rebaptized it from St. Dominic, St. Domingo; and when the blacks, in 1803, drove our white blood from its surface, they drove our names with us, and gave it the old name, Hayti, the land of mountains. It was originally tenanted by filibusters, French and Spanish, of the early commercial epochs, the pirates of that day as of ours. The Spanish took the eastern two-thirds, the French the western third of the island, and they gradually settled into colonies. The French, to whom my story belongs, became the pet colony of the mother land. Guarded by peculiar privileges, enriched by the scions of wealthy houses, aided by the unmatched fertility of the soil, it soon was the richest gem in the Bourbon crown; and at the period to which I call your attention, about the era of our Constitution, 1789, its wealth was almost incredible. The effeminacy of the white race rivalled that of the Sybarite of antiquity, while the splendor of their private life outshone Versailles, and their luxury found no mate but in the mad prodigality of the Cæsars. At this time, the island held about 30,000 whites, 20,000 or 30,000 mulattoes, and 500,000 slaves. The mulattoes, as with us, were children of the slaveholders, but, unlike us, the French slaveholder never forgot his child by a bondwoman. He gave him everything but his name—wealth, rich plantations, gangs of slaves; sent him to Paris for his education, summoned the best culture of France for the instruction of his daughters, so that in 1790 the mulatto race held one-third of the real estate and one-quarter of the personal estate of the island. But, though educated and rich, he bowed under the same yoke as with us. Subjected to special taxes, he could hold no public office, and, if convicted of any crime, was punished with double severity. His son might not sit on the same seat at school with a white boy; he might not enter a church where a white man was worshipping; he must, if he reached a town on horseback, dismount and lead his horse by the bridle; and when he died, even his dust could not rest in the same soil with a white body.

It was over such a population—the white man melted in sensuality, the mulatto feeling all the more keenly his degradation from the very wealth and culture that he enjoyed, the slave, sullen and indifferent, heeding not the quarrels or the changes of the upper air—it was over this population that there burst, in 1789, the thunder-storm of the French Revolution. The first words that reached the island were the motto of the Jacobin Club—"Liberty, Equality." The white man heard them aghast. He had read of the streets of Paris running blood. The slave heard them with indifference; it was a quarrel in the upper air, which did not concern him. The mulatto heard them with a welcome which no dread of other classes could quell. Hastily gathered into conventions, they sent to Paris a Committee of the whole body, laid at the feet of the National Convention the free gift of 6,000,000 of francs, pledged one-fifth of their annual rental toward the payment of the national debt, and all they asked in return was, that this yoke of civil and social contempt should be lifted from their shoulders.

You may easily imagine the temper in which Mirabeau and Lafayette welcomed this munificent gift of the free mulattoes of the West Indies, and in which the petition for equal civil rights was received by a body which had just resolved that all men were equal. The Convention hastened to express their gratitude for the liberal offer of their fellow-citizens of the Republic, and they issued a decree which commences thus: "All freeborn French citizens are equal before the law." They selected Ogé—the friend of Lafayette, a Lieut. Colonel in the Dutch service, the son of a wealthy mulatto woman, educated in Paris, the comrade of all the leading French Republicans—to carry the decree and the message of French Democracy to the island. He landed. The decree of the National Convention was laid on the table of the General Assembly of the island. One old planter seized it, tore it in fragments, and trampled it under his feet, swearing by all the saints in the calendar that the island might sink before they would share their rights with bastards. They took an old mulatto, worth a million, who had simply asked for his rights under that decree, and hung him. A white lawyer of seventy, who drafted the petition, they hung at his side. They took Ogé, broke him on the wheel, ordered him to be drawn and quartered, and one quarter of his body to be hung up in each of the four principal cities of the island; and they then adjourned.

You can conceive better than I can describe the mood in which Mirabeau and Danton received the news that their decree had been torn in pieces and trampled under foot by the petty legislature of an island colony, and their comrade drawn and quartered by the orders of its Governor. Robespierre rushed to the tribune and shouted, "Perish the islands before we sacrifice one tittle of the rights of French citizens!" The Convention reaffirmed their decree, and sent it out a second time to be executed.

But it was not then as now, when steam has married the continents. It took months to communicate; and while this news of the death of Ogé and the defiance of the National Convention was going to France, and the answer returning, great events had taken place in the island itself. The Spanish or the Eastern section, perceiving these divisions, invaded the towns of the Western, and conquered many of its cities. One half of the slaveholders were republicans, in love with the new constellation which had just gone up in our Northern sky, seeking to be admitted a State in this Republic, plotting for annexation. The other half were loyalists, anxious, deserted as they supposed themselves by the Bourbons, to make alliance with George III. They sent to Jamaica, and entreated its Governor to assist them in their intrigue. He finally sent Gen. Maitland (afterwards the Admiral who carried Napoleon to St. Helena), who landed with 5,000 Englishmen on the North side of the island, and gained many successes. The mulattoes were in the mountains, awaiting events. They distrusted the government which a few years before they had assisted to put down an insurrection of the whites, and which had forfeited its promise to grant them civil privileges. Deserted by both sections, Blanchelande the Governor had left the capital, and fled for refuge to a neighboring city.

In this state of affairs the second decree reached the island. The whites forgot their quarrel, sought out Blanchelande, and obliged him to promise that he never would publish the decree. Affrighted, the Governor consented to that course, and they left him. He then began to reflect that in reality he was deposed, that the Bourbons had lost the sceptre of the island. He remembered his appeal to the mulattoes five years before to put down an insurrection. Deserted now by the whites, and by the mulattoes, only one force was left him in the island—that was the blacks. They had always remembered with gratitude the *code noir*, black code, of Louis XIV., the first interference of any power in their behalf. To the blacks Blanchelande appealed. He sent a deputation to the slaves. He was aided by the agents of Count D'Artois, afterward Charles X., who was seeking to do in St. Domingo what Charles II. did in Virginia (whence its name of Old Dominion), institute a reaction against the rebellion at home. The two joined forces, and sent first for Toussaint. Nature made him a Metternich, a diplomatist. He probably wished to avail himself of this offer, foreseeing advantage to his race, but to avail himself of it so cautiously as to provide against failure, risking as little as possible till the intentions of the other party had been tested, and so managing as to be able to go on or withraw as the best interest of his race demanded. He said, therefore, to the Envoys, "Where are your credentials?" "We have none." "I will have nothing to do with you." They then sought François and Biassou, two other slaves of strong passions, considerable intellect, and great influence over their fellow slaves, and said, "Arm, assist the government, put down the English on the one hand, and the Spanish on the other"; and on the 21st of August, 1791, 15,000 blacks, led by François and Biassou, supplied with arms from the arsenal of the government, appeared in the midst of the colony. It is believed that Toussaint, unwilling himself to head the movement, was still desirous that it should go forward, trusting, as proved the case, that it would result in benefit to his race. He is supposed to have advised François in his course—saving himself for a more momentous hour.

This is what Edward Everett calls the Insurrection of St. Domingo. It bore for its motto on one side of its banner, "Long live the King"; and on the other, "We claim the Old Laws." Singular mottoes for a rebellion! In fact, it was the *posse comitatus*; it was the only French army on the island; it was the only force that had a right to bear arms; and what it undertook, it achieved. It put Blanchelande in his seat; it put the island beneath his rule. When it was done, the blacks said to the Governor they had created, "Now, grant us one day in seven; give us one day's labor; we will buy another, and with the two buy a third"—the favorite method of emancipation at that time. Like the Blanchelande of five years before, he refused. He said: "Disarm! Disperse!" and the blacks answered, "The right hand that has saved you, the right hand that has saved the island for the Bourbons, may perchance clutch some of our own rights"; and they stood still (cheering). This is the first insurrection, if any such there were in St. Domingo—the first determined purpose on the part of the negro, having saved the government, to save himself.

Now, let me stop a moment to remind you of one thing. I am going to open to you a chapter of bloody history—no doubt of it. Who set the example? Who dug up from its grave of a hundred years the hideous punishment of the wheel, and broke Ogé, every bone, a living man? Who flared in the face of indignant and astonished Europe the forgotten barbarity of quartering the yet palpitating body? Our race. And if the black man learned the lesson but too well, it does not lie in our lips to complain. During this whole struggle, written, mark you, by the white man—the whole picture from the pencil of the white race—the record is, that for one life the negro took in battle, in hot and bloody fight, the white race took, in the cool malignity of revenge, three to answer for it. Notice, also, that up to this moment, the slave had taken no part in the struggle, except at the bidding of the government; and even then, not for himself, but only to sustain the laws.

At this moment, then, the island stands thus: The Spaniard is on the east triumphant; the Englishman is on the north-west entrenched; the mulattoes are in the mountains waiting; the blacks are in the valleys victorious; one half the French slaveholding element is republican, the other half royalist; the white race against the mulatto and the black; the black against both; the Frenchman against the English and Spaniard; the Spaniard against both. It is a war of races and a war of nations. At such a moment, Toussaint L'Ouverture appeared.

He had been born a slave—as I said, an unmixed black, his father stolen from Africa—on a plantation in the north of the island. He was fifty years old at this time. A kind priest had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, Military Memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods, he learned some of the qualities of herbs, and was village doctor. On the estate, the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty, he joined the army as physician. Before he went, he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore, and never afterward did he forget to send them, year by year, ample means of support. And I might add, that of all the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected the family (cheering).

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country (applause). I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Englishmen, Spaniards, Frenchmen—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

The second story told of him is this: About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First, their Commissioners, summoned to meet the French Committee, were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when, afterward, François, their General, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding-whip and struck him over the shoulders.. If he had been the savage which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his 25,000 soldiers, and they would have trodden out the Frenchmen in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their General. Then the word went forth, "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism, like most great leaders—like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown (cheers)—he could preach as well as fight—mounting a hillock, and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief; only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To that shed is courage; to shed this is cowardice and cruelty beside"; and he saved fifteen hundred lives (applause).

I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800; what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities, conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time and the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their General, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of his prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French, in return, named him General-in-Chief. *Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout*, said one—this man makes an opening everywhere—hence his soldiers named him L'Ouverture, the opening.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember that Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, 100,000 of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered (cheers); at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put him under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica (applause). Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica, which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvellous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen," and twelve years of unmingled success showed how wisely he judged. That was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them"; and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that was never broken, and the right arm that was never shortened, of a victorious slave (cheers).

Again, Carlyle has said: "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies—poor, ill-clad and half-starved—and said to them: Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry, and you can learn these virtues only there. And they went. The French Admiral, who witnessed the scene, said that in a week his army melted back into peasants.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam-Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the Committee who were drafting for him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the Chapter of Commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world" (cheers). With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this Committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytian history proves that, with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again, it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union except Rhode Island was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet, negro, Catholic, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his Committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution, that I know no difference between religious beliefs" (applause).

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesmen you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of University routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right—and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo (cheers).

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the whole world was gathered in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and, with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Guadaloupe and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his Council: "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Gregoire: "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions, if they changed their skins." Col. Vincent, who had been Private Secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue, if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked: "I have 80,000 idle troops; I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of 80,000 Republican soldiers; I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for his expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the satirists of Paris had christened Toussaint, the Black Napoleon; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him in a letter—"The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you that the present Napoleon, when the Epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles, *Soulouquerie*, from the name of Soulouque, the Black Emperor, deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush him, from one motive or another, from the prompting of ambition or dislike of this resemblance—which was very close—they were very much alike, and they were very French: French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vain-glorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids: "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood, Toussaint said to the French Captain who urged him to go to France in his frigate: "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me." Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank; he loved to put on the grey coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could bear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often the yellow madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French Lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days; could dictate to three secretaries at once; could wear out four or five horses. Like Napoleon, no man ever divined his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro, and so, in him, they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the North in a carriage, he would be in the South on horseback; if they thought he was in the city in a house, he would be in the field in a tent. They once riddled his carriage with bullets; he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were arrested. They expected to be shot. The next day was some Saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, came down from his high seat, repeated it with him, and permitted them to go unpunished (cheers). He had that wit common to all great commanders, which makes its way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white—there is the black; what are you afraid of?" So when people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the first words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and, repeating it, would say, "Do you understand that?" "No, sir." "What! want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it!"

Then again, like Napoleon—like genius always—he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII. sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, saying, "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, *his* soldiers, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint, finding that two of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew his sword, flung it on the grass, went across the field to them, folded his arms and said, "Children, can you point a bayonet at me?" and the blacks fell on their knees, praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him, and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality, or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this: During a tumult, a few white proprietors who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, Gen. Moise, was accused of indecision in quelling the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and on its verdict ordered his own nephew to be shot; sternly Roman in thus keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to Gen. Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Toussaint's old mulatto rivals and foes.

Holland lent sixty ships, England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants (loud and long-continued applause). England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshalled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile. Only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price (laughter). Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread had shaken Europe more than any foot had done so since the Cæsars—soldiers who had scaled the pyramids, and planted the French banner on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, said: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; all is lost." And he then recognized the only mistake of his life—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning, he issued the only proclamation that bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make"; and he was obeyed (applause). When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dykes, give Holland back to ocean"; and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders"; and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshalled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of despair.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce freemen to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own; though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe, that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is Governor of the Island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took 2,000 *white* men, women and children, carried them to the mountains in safety, and then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets and the French driven back to their boats (cheers). Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles Hymn, and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the Marseillaise. And it was not till their officers sabered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights, you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the Island should be free. As the French General glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw, opposite, Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours" (cheers). He went down to his house in peace; it was Summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him, only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what was the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the Crusades is, You lie. Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish General, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul that God ever ever put into a body." Of him history says, "He never broke his word." Maitland was travelling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint. Toussaint showed him two letters—one from the French General, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power, and the other his reply. It was: "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back" (cheers). Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has a reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused, the government would have doubted him—would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly: and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords and told him he was prisoner; and one young Lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight he turned to the Captain and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up" (cheers). Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his Secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then replied, "It is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek. Then he sent him to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on the side looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In Winter, ice covers the floor; in Summer, it is deep with water. In this living tomb, the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of then ran thus:

"Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only $6,000 a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story told of it is, that in Josephine's time, a young French Marquis was placed in it, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress, and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her, "Have a model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said, Take it away—it is horrible! She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said, "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was placed, but he did not die fast enough. Finally, the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken twelve years after to his tomb at St. Helena by that same Maitland whom Toussaint had conquered, and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur, in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

From the moment he was betrayed, the negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Soon every negro but Maurepas deserted the French. Leclerc summoned Maurepas to his side. He came, loyally bringing with him five hundred soldiers. Leclerc spiked his epaulettes to his shoulders, shot him, and flung him into the sea. He took his five hundred soldiers on shore, shot them on the edge of a pit, and tumbled them in. Dessalines from the mountain saw it, and selecting five hundred French officers from his prisons, hung them on separate trees in sight of Leclerc's camp; and born, as I was, in sight of Bunker Hill, I have not yet found reason to think that he did wrong (cheers). They murdered Pierre Toussaint's wife at his own door, and after such treatment that it was mercy when they killed her. The maddened husband, who had but a year before saved the lives of twelve hundred white men, carried the next thousand prisoners he took, and sacrificed them on her grave.

The French exhausted every form of torture. The negroes were bound together and thrown into the sea; any one who floated was shot—others sunk with cannon balls tied to their feet—some smothered with sulphur fumes—others strangled, scourged to death, gibbeted; sixteen of Toussaint's officers were chained to rocks in desert islands—others in marshes, and left to be devoured by poisonous reptiles and insects. Rochambeau sent to Cuba for bloodhounds. When they arrived, the young girls went down to the wharf, decked the hounds with ribbons and flowers, kissed their necks; and, seated in the amphitheatre, the women clapped their hands to see a negro thrown to these hounds, previously starved to rage. But the negroes besieged this very city so closely, that these same girls, in their misery, ate the very hounds they had welcomed.

Then flashed forth that defying courage and sublime endurance which show how alike all races are when tried in the same furnance. The Roman wife, whose husband faltered when Nero ordered him to kill himself, seized the dagger, and mortally wounding her own body, cried, "Poetus, it is not hard to die." The world records it with proud tears. Just in the same spirit when a negro Colonel was ordered to execution, and trembled, his wife seized his sword, and giving herself a death-wound, said, "Husband, death is sweet when liberty is gone."

The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed his efforts. What the sword did not devour, the fever ate up. Leclerc died. Pauline carried his body back to France. Napoleon met her at Bordeaux, saying, "Sister, I gave you an army—you bring me back ashes." Rochambeau—the Rochambeau of our history—left in command of 8,000 troops, sent word to Dessalines: "When I take you, I will not shoot you like a soldier, or hang you like a white man; I will whip you to death like a slave." Dessalines chased him from battle-field to battle-field, from fort to fort, and finally shut him up in Samana. Heating cannon-balls to destroy his fleet, Dessalines learned that Rochambeau had begged of the British Admiral permission to cover his troops with the English flag, and the generous negro suffered him to do it.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to 50,000 graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the 8,000 graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them. And if that does not satisfy you, come home, and if it had been October, 1859, you might have come by way of quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

You may also remember this, that we Saxons were slaves about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of America, melted away their chains. Spartacus in Italy led the slaves of Rome against the Empress of the world. She murdered him and crucified them. There never was a slave rebellion successful but once, and that was in St. Domingo. Every race has been, some time or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo. God grant that the wise vigor of our government may avert that necessity from our land; may raise into peaceful liberty the four million committed to our care, and show, under democratic institutions, a statesmanship as far-sighted as that of England, as brave as the negro of Hayti!

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his endurance. In 1803, he said to the white men: "This island is ours; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him stood the South American Republics, planted by the best blood of the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could no more daguerreotype their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And yet, at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself. It is said that at first, with rare patriotism, the Haytien government ordered the destruction of all the sugar plantations remaining, and discouraged its culture, deeming that the temptation which lured the French back again to attempt their enslavement. Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, sink every ship, destroy her railroads, blot out every remnant of education from her sons, let her be penniless, with nothing but her hands to begin the world again—how much could she do in sixty years? And Europe, too, would lend you money, but she will not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized State, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Thus far, she has foiled the ambition of Spain, the greed of England, and the malicious statesmanship of Calhoun. Toussaint made her what she is. In this work, there was grouped around him a score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. They were able in war, and skillful in civil affairs, but not like him remarkable for that rare mingling of high qualities which alone makes true greatness, and insures to one leadership among men, otherwise almost his equals. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance—these are the tests. He did plant a State so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "NO RETALIATION" was his great motto, and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and Fremont the ripe fruit of our noon-day (thunders of applause)—then, dipping her pen in the sunlight